Alfred Kazin on Clover Adams • Robert Coles on James Agee

Peanutgate • Get Me a Grant • Asia's Other Cambodia

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The Generation of the Trenches

George Kennan • Robert Rosenstone

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TRB

from Washington
November 3, 1979

An Anniversary

I have been writing this column on a regular basis for about 35 years; it is an anniversary. I have been living some of it over again reading William Manchester's superb *The Glory and the Dream: A Narrative History of America, 1932-1972*, now in paperback, all 1937 pages of it (Bantam). It is an interesting intellectual exercise to see if any patterns emerge from these years. I find one: on the whole the American system works pretty well, given time; our spring of tolerance is replenished, our determination rises to meet the trials of the spirit. But it is just time that we don't have any more. Events accelerate. We approach another set of inordinate challenges in 1980—economic, nuclear, political. Can our splendid old sailing ship of checks and balances get us through the gales? It is sound but not very fast.

The Senate dawdles on SALT. . . . Do we have a treaty with Taiwan, or not? . . . Will Congress pass Carter's hospital cost containment bill? If it can't even do that, how can Kennedy get a complete health care bill? (Other industrial nations have the system; we don't.)

Who wrote the following passage? "We have only six percent of the world's people in America, but we consume over 30 percent of all the energy in the world. . . . Two years ago . . . I called attention to our urgent energy problem. Last April, this year, I reaffirmed to Congress the magnitude of that problem, and I called for action on seven major legislative initiatives. Again in June, I called for action. I have done so frequently since then. *But thus far, not one major energy bill that I have asked for has been enacted.*"

Richard Nixon said that in his address of November 7, 1973, and he was talking about appeals first made in 1971. Now it is eight years later. The US still has no overall energy program.

Turn back a little and ruffle through these old moldy columns. Who was it who charged "a conspiracy so immense and an infamy so black as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man"? It was Joe McCarthy, of course, haranguing the Senate, June 14, 1951 about Communists in America, and it still sickens me the way he frightened the respectables. He was a rogue, but why stick your neck out? Artists were blacklisted, reporters muzzled, reformers maligned. Everybody seemed to have some secret fear of exposure. The sickness lasted four years until the healthy cells finally absorbed the malignancy. It left this reporter, like everyone else who went through it, with a hesitancy, a fear. The margin of safety is very thin. It took Ike a long time to speak out.

Ike did speak out at last, of course. Sometimes it seemed that he didn't quite know the score. "By golly," he said when he sent Dick Nixon out to malign the Democrats in the 1954 election, "sometimes you get tired of all this clackety-clack." In reading Manchester's history I run across a familiar quotation: "TRB will write in *The New Republic*: "The public loves Ike. The less he does the more they love him. That, probably, is the secret. Here is a man who doesn't rock the boat." To which Manchester gives the apt retort in a footnote: "Some of the moves Ike did not make are worth noting. He did not invade Manchuria, send American troops to Indochina, wage preventive war, replace containment with a policy of 'liberation,' or end American participation in NATO—all measures that were urged on him by powerful advocates in his own party and administration."

That raises the difficult question of what is leadership. It is fine to be president when initiative isn't called for. Coolidge napped afternoons. Ike is praised (justly) for things he didn't do. But is that time of lassitude likely to return soon? Problems are more urgent, more complicated, more terrifying all the time. The gap between executive and legislative seems bigger the more controversial the problems become.

Senator Kennedy promises "leadership." James MacGregor Burns in his book *Roosevelt, The Lion and the Fox* says, "The classic test of greatness in the White House has been the chief executive's capacity to lead Congress." Roosevelt, he says, used these seven instruments: full use of constitutional powers such as the veto; good timing; drafting of measures in the executive branch; almost constant pressure, adroitly applied; careful handling of patronage; face-to-face persuasiveness with legislative leaders; appeal to the people.

All well and good. FDR was superb. He also had an initial two-to-one majority in Congress, and a unifying domestic crisis in peace and then one in war. He did not do so well between times when he tried to pack the Supreme Court and tried to get the neutrality act loosened before the fall of France. Even Roosevelt, as fox and lion, could not always make the system work.

So let's have sober hope for days ahead, putting down good as well as bad. Few nations have worked harder to end segregation, agonizingly slow though our progress is. In half a century we have raised the educational norm from 8th to 12th grade ("These numbers are as revolutionary as any in this book!" exclaim Wattenberg and Scammon in *This USA* (Doubleday; 1965). We redeemed our isolationism with the Marshall Plan; we contained Huey Long, Father Coughlin, Gerald L. K. Smith, Joe McCarthy in the crazy days; we finally forced our leaders to end Vietnam.

On the disturbing side, I think, is the slowness of our system, the institutional lag. We elect presidents and then find out about them. Three of the last seven presidents originally came to office by succession—two after murders. (Every nation has crackpots but America alone arms them, with 50 million handguns loose in the country.)

Presidential campaigns last longer and longer and fewer and fewer bother to vote (beginning in 1960 percentages are—62.8 percent; 61.9; 60.9; 55.5 and, in 1976, only 54.3 percent).

Those are random reflections on an anniversary. Decision-time has grown shorter here in 35 years; the distance between White House and Congress longer . . . till finally we reached Watergate. We looked over the cliff at Watergate. If nobody else runs things in Washington a Nixon will.

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Correspondence

Nuclear war: thinking the unthinkable

To the editors:

In the October 20 issue, Hans Morgenthau brings us the good news that limited nuclear war is impossible ("Fighting the Last War"), since it would become total war inevitably, and this would mean Armageddon, and Armageddon is unthinkable. This logic is shared by our defense planners, which is why we lack any defense against incoming missiles. Why should we build defenses against Mutually Assured Destruction (MAD)?

The problem, though, is not what Morgenthau thinks, but what the Russians think. And what they think can be deduced from their massive civil defense program, a formidable air defense program and the fundamentals of a defense against ballistic missiles as well as a military buildup without precedence in history.

They are making a situation where a nuclear war, to us unthinkable, is to them a possibility. And when this happens, what answer will we have to the non-nuclear forces of the Soviet Union?

Gideon Isaac
Irvington, New York

Election reform in the 1970s

To the editors:

I doubt very much that the American people agree with Stephen Chapman's assessment that we have failed at election reform in the 1970s ("The Limits of Limits," *TNR*, October 13).

Few would dispute that elections are fairer today than they were before 1971. The financing of elections is out in the open and there are contribution limits to prevent a travesty such as occurred in 1972 when President Nixon raised millions from a relatively small number of contributors.

Chapman has doubts about limits on contributions, believing that they make it more difficult for challengers to raise seed money. He's right. It used to be easy. Just hit a couple of wealthy contributors. Of course, incumbents did the same thing; they cultivated wealthy sources too, and were able to raise more and outspend challengers by more than they can today.

I believe that contribution limits can be credited with bringing the mad rush of campaign spending under some semblance of control. It is extremely unhealthy, it doesn't promote anybody's welfare or happiness, for an election to become the financial equivalent of an arms race.

If it is so that with spending limits incumbents and wealthy candidates enjoy a spending advantage over challengers, there are ways to rectify this: enhance the private fundraising efforts of all candidates with public funds (public financing) and lessen the cost of running for office by making television time available to the candidates, as a Harvard study proposed.

Eric Steel
Oakland, California

Fairlie from on high

To the editors:

Fairlie's piece on conservation ("Conservation—The False Issue," *TNR*, October 20) is too scattershot to come to grips with any issue, false or otherwise, and Fairlie as usual is on too high a moral pinnacle to get much look at the terrain. But a few specifics are worth noting.

Frontier is a social phenomenon; wilderness is a natural one. Ninety-seven percent of American lands south of Alaska are currently accessible to motorized vehicles; if the "frontier" was closed in 1890, where is Fairlie getting vast tracts of it to set aside for backpackers and kayakers now? Surviving wilderness is used not only for the luxury of fun, but also to maintain biological gene pools in a rapidly and perhaps dangerously shifting biosphere. Not only the odd haunch of venison, but also the air Mr. Fairlie breathes and the water he drinks come from "mother nature's larder." We may be going to "excessive lengths" to rescue endangered species, but we seem to be going to even greater lengths to wipe them out, since they are dying at 10 times the rate of the last glaciation. And no known conservationist, from Pittsburgh or elsewhere, has devoted his energies to "defend[ing] Robert Redford's ranch."

More seriously, having sensibly scorned the polarity of the urban and the rural, Fairlie invokes the polarity of conservation and production. Here we come to a genuine false issue, one being used daily to deny working people a decent place to live, to earn a wage, and to get away, on the grounds that we can't afford it and, besides, they aren't interested in such things. It might be instructive for Mr. Fairlie to ask the United Auto Workers why they support wilderness lands in Alaska.

Bruce Berger
Aspen, Colorado

Verdi publications

To the editors:

In the October 6 issue of *TNR* there is an article by Isaiah Berlin entitled "The 'Naiveté' of Verdi." In the credit line at the bottom of the page indication is given that the essay will appear in the author's *Against the Current: Essays in the History of Ideas*, to be published in March 1980, by Viking Press. This [same] article occupies the lead-off position in the newly published *Verdi Companion* edited by William Weaver and Martin Chusid and published this month by W.W. Norton. Those people interested in Isaiah Berlin's ideas concerning Verdi may also be interested in the ideas of such people as: George Martin, Julian Budden, Andrew Porter, and Luigi Dallapiccola on the same composer.

Claire Brook
W.W. Norton & Company
New York, New York

'Tradition!'

To the editors:

Reading Henry Fairlie's Washington Diarist in the October 13 *New Republic* reminded me of an imitation of Tevye, hauling his milk around the shtetl, crying "Tradition!" But at least Tevye realized that traditions aren't necessarily good, they're just old.

Donald A. Coffin
Indianapolis, Indiana

Women and handguns

To the editors:

In response to Graham Hughes's excellent critique of *Restricting Handguns: The Liberal Skeptics Speak Out* (*TNR*, September 29), I am also hesitant to accept availability of handguns to women as a deterrant to domestic violence. The literature indicates that most women resort to the use of a lethal weapon only after a history of repeated assaults by their husbands and lovers. Although the criminal justice system is becoming increasingly sensitive to the dynamics of family violence, the prisons are full of

(continued on page 40)

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Serving America's Union Families

Comparative Financial Review

	Years ended December 31, 1978	1977
Total Income	$ 65,137,912	$ 52,823,191
Benefits and expenses	54,870,616	46,046,539
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	10,267,296	6,776,652
Provision for income taxes		
Current	---	---
Deferred	2,792,809	1,909,150
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	7,474,487	4,867,502
Realized investment gains (losses)	(120,433)	11,364
Net income	7,354,054	4,878,866
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4.35	2.88
Realized investment gains (losses)	(.07)	.01
Net income	4.28	2.89
Assets	$ 144,993,410	$ 116,651,027
Insurance in Force	$1,504,894,000	$1,289,000,000

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 3, 1979

Not VAT Again

The announcement last week by House Ways and Means Committee chairman Al Ullman that he would propose a national value-added tax brings to mind Daniel Webster's lament: "Now is the time when men work quietly in the fields and women weep silently in the kitchen. The legislature is in session, and no man's property is safe." The VAT would be essentially a national sales tax, but instead of being imposed simply at the retail level, it would apply at each stage of the production and sales process. It already is widely used in Europe, and Ullman thinks it's high time the US followed suit. He proposes that the VAT be used to reduce personal and corporate income taxes and Social Security payroll taxes. This last may make Ullman's plan especially attractive to Congress, because Social Security taxes are scheduled to increase next year—a measure which is needed to prevent the system from going bankrupt but which is also certain to provoke the wrath of the taxpaying public.

The VAT idea has been kicking around for several years—it was first suggested by President Nixon to replace the property tax as a source of money for public schools, but never went anywhere. Both Ullman and his counterpart in the Senate, Russell Long of Louisiana, endorsed a value-added tax last December, but at the time no one paid much attention. VAT's attractiveness remains a mystery. Doubtless one source of its appeal is simply that it would tap a heretofore unexploited source of money. This alone may make it irresistible to Congress, which can no more ignore a new pool of funds than a rake can rebuff a willing wench. It also would raise lots of money: Ullman's VAT, applied at a rate of 10 percent on everything but necessities like food, clothing, and medical care, which are generously taxed at only five percent, would raise $130 billion. Perhaps most important to Ullman and Long is that the VAT would be considerably less visible than the taxes it would partly replace. In some countries it is simply included in the purchase price of a product, which means the consumer doesn't know how much tax he or she is paying. In others the amount of the tax is spelled out, but it still would be considerably less painful than taxes that take a big bite once every two weeks or once every year. Not many taxpayers are going to sit down and add up their VAT payments at the end of each week. Long himself has candidly praised the VAT precisely because it is "the least painful way of collecting money." It may be in the interest of politicians to keep citizens from knowing how much they are paying in taxes, but it is not in the interest of citizens.

The value-added tax has some crucial drawbacks. One is that it is very complicated. It has an undeserved reputation for simplicity only because in Europe it took

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the place of a system of business turnover taxes that was even more complicated. It is hard to see the advantage of applying the tax at each of a dozen or more stages of production instead of simply adding it on as a retail sales tax at the last stage. The final effect, and the total revenue raised, would be exactly the same.

A bigger flaw is the VAT's regressive impact. Like any sales tax, it takes a greater share of a poor person's income than of a rich person's, since the poor spend more of their money on consumer goods. Ullman's proposal would mitigate this problem somewhat, but not entirely. It would still raise the cost of necessities. One argument offered by Senator Long is that the VAT would be no more regressive than the Social Security tax, which is true. The Social Security tax is extremely regressive, however, and the VAT would not be much better. But it would be considerably worse than raising the same amount of money through the progressive income tax.

One argument to be made for the VAT, though, does deserve to be taken seriously. Since it functions as a tax on consumption, the VAT would encourage more private savings, which is a worthy goal. The rate of saving in the US is the lowest of all the Western industrial nations. This is due in part to our heavy reliance on the income tax, which gives the taxpayer no incentive to save instead of consume. A good case can be made for a progressive consumption tax, which need not be as complex as the VAT. It could simply be imposed once a year, like the income tax, on total income minus total savings. A tax of this kind would stimulate savings and discourage consumption, thus providing badly-needed funds for capital formation.

But of all the different ways of taxing consumption, the VAT is probably the worst. And it makes no sense to try to encourage saving with the left hand while the right hand is limiting the amount of interest that can be paid on savings deposits. Anyway, the biggest reason Americans don't save is that inflation constantly erodes the value of their money. As long as we have an inflation rate in double digits, no tinkering with the tax laws will make much difference in the savings rate. But the sort of tinkering suggested by Ullman would make some other problems worse.

Democracy Works for Peace

Nothing so honors a democracy as the defeats that its free spirits and free institutions inflict on government. Never, moreover, is such honor greater than when society is in crisis or under siege. Simultaneously in domestic crisis and under external siege, Israel was doubly honored last week: first, when Moshe Dayan resigned as foreign minister, insisting on heeding conscience instead of the more usual disciplines known as "national unity" and "retaining influence"; second, when a unanimous Supreme Court struck down the Begin government's seizure of Arab land to establish on what the court deemed spurious security grounds the Eilon Moreh settlement on the West Bank. Taken together, these two developments constitute a reeling blow to Menahem Begin's peculiar form of Zionism and to his lease on power.

Doubtless the ideologists of the Likud front and its rabbinical allies will pretend that nothing has happened. The government's shrinking parliamentary majority will continue to provide those reflexive votes of confidence, thus allowing one more squalid little bivouac camp to be set up provocatively close, but with greater care to the legal niceties, to some Arab town. There may even be some effort to circumvent the court's particular judgment on Eilon Moreh. All will be to no avail. The people of Israel want peace and they do not want to rule another million Arabs.

We never believed the autonomy plan worked out at Camp David for the occupied terroritories was an ideal formula for solving Israel's differences with the Arabs of historic Palestine. It might have had a chance, of course, if local Arabs had come forward to claim their rights in the negotiating process. But the behavior of the Carter administration in the wake of Camp David, no less than that of the rejectionists from Tripoli to Baghdad, tended to undercut that option. Why Washington put out signals destabilizing an agreement which it had arranged is one of those deep mysteries of statecraft. It's a lucky thing, in fact, that the pact between Egypt and Israel survived American blandishments to the PLO and our other amateur forays on behalf of a quick once-and-for-all comprehensive settlement. In the meantime, and perhaps also in defensive overreaction, Menahem Begin demonstrated how empty was his vision of autonomy for the Palestinians. We wrote some months ago that he meant by autonomy that they could collect their own garbage.

Propelled by a tiny minority of law-breaking zealots, the Begin government added to the rather more justifiable Israeli settlements in the West Bank's unpopulated areas and along reasonable defense perimeters by putting down Jewish bedroom communities here, there, everywhere—especially, it seemed, in places most likely to irk the local Arab populace. In truth, these were pathetic little undertakings. For all of the high-blown rhetoric of Ariel Sharon, Begin's bullying agriculture minister, there aren't many Jews who want to settle in the West Bank; those few who do would, in moments of military exigency, be hostages rather than protectors of Israel's security. Nonetheless the proliferation of Jewish settlements suggested creeping annexationism. Begin, moreover, continues to maintain that Israel would have to retain sovereignty over the West Bank, even after the five-year period. The provisions of autonomy would somehow have to accommodate and be fit into that reality. No partition of

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the territories was to be contemplated either. The polemicists called it, as if that settled the matter, "the indivisibility of Eretz Israel."

Moshe Dayan never sympathized with these maximalist notions. A brooding and mercurial man, he was inclined to a firm line with the Arabs on strategic issues. But he had an understanding of their national aspirations and collective psychological needs. He tried to share this understanding with his colleagues in the Begin cabinet, and occasionally there were tantalizing signs that he had succeeded. Certainly he was inventive and innovative in the ways he proposed to break the impasse, which was rooted in rigid traditional notions about sovereignty, both Arab and Israeli. But the ideological straitjacket and the nigglingly dishonest rationalizations which came to characterize the present government could not long contain this very individualistic, indeed idiosyncratic politician. He was not one to narrow options. In any case, and especially after the Yom Kippur war, peace with the Arabs had become for Dayan not only his public responsibility but his private mission.

It is apparent already that Dayan's defection from the Begin government is being widely misread. Predictably, for example, Evans and Novak have depicted Dayan as a confrère of John Connally in his Middle East adventure. But Dayan is not what our State Department perpetually dreams about: an Israeli leader willing to share his people's destiny with a PLO ensconced on the West Bank in still one more sovereign and armed Arab state. That kind of wishful thinking will get further American efforts nowhere. (Fortunately, Robert Strauss seems to understand this very clearly.) Dayan, for example, believes that no peace settlement can exclude Jews from the West Bank. It is, after all, part of their historic patrimony; excluding them is as unthinkable as excluding Arabs from what is now Israel. Nor would Dayan be willing to submit Jerusalem to some high-sounding international scheme dependent on the good will of the United Nations.

Given his illness and his fractured relations with just about every political faction in the country, Dayan is not likely ever to be head of government in Israel. But his views are echoed in the populace at large and in the opposition Labor party, of which he was once a dominant personality. Like Dayan, that opposition looks toward both functional divisions and territorial partitions in the West Bank, with the authority that Israel gives up taken over by those who live in the area—not by those who have spent the last decade organizing terror from Beirut. When new elections are held in Israel, probably sooner rather than later, the democratic verdict is likely to support this perspective on negotiations. It is a flexible perspective. Of course, what is likely to help push the electorate toward Labor's side—what may even prove decisive—is the disastrous 100 percent inflation rate cavalierly inflicted by Begin's coalition partners on a hapless populace. But democratic verdicts are arrived at in democratic societies through multiple filters. What one counts on in such societies, even at the worst of times and when the hardhearted rule, is that an independent judiciary keep government within the bounds of legality and the minimal decencies. The high court in Jerusalem has done this and in so doing has vindicated the basic rationale and justification for American alliance and solidarity with Israel: its political values are our own.

White House Watch

Feeling Good (I)

The President told reporters who flew back from Boston on Air Force One, after the dedication of the John F. Kennedy Library on October 20, that he "felt good" about the occasion and thought it had been "a pretty good day" for him, as indeed it had been. On a day and occasion when he was expected by his own people to be dominated by surrounding and numerous Kennedys, he dominated them. If it didn't come over that way on television, and some viewers say it didn't, it did to this one among the 7000-plus guests and journalists who were there.

It was by definition a Kennedy day and the reporting reflected the fact. Before getting into the body of this report, which is about Carter and not the Kennedys, two supplementary points will be made. The President's performance, which many journalistic and other observers including Senator Edward M. Kennedy's press spokesman, Tom Southwick, judged to be among his best if not his very best, reflected a recent improvement in the overall Carter performance. The second point is that the inevitable recollections of John F. Kennedy's Camelot—a term imposed upon his presidency by the journalist Theodore White—omitted a significant fact. Camelot in the sense of gentle and loving knights and ladies existed, to the extent that it existed at all, only outside the Kennedy White House. The Kennedy White House was the scene of bitter rivalries for the attention and affection of the President. Among his male assistants and devotees, and here I write only of them, John Kennedy inspired in a totally innocent way a yearning for returned love that, when not returned, could and did inspire true hatred between the loved and the unloved. A prominent publisher rejected a book about the early Kennedy presidency that undertook to make this a very minor point at the time. The point naturally was neither made nor recalled at the dedication.

The two most interesting passages in Carter's library speech were his reminder that his time and John Kennedy's time differ in important ways and his recall

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drawing by Vint Lawrence

of John Kennedy's remark in 1962 that maybe his brother Teddy shouldn't ever want to be President. After the 1962 reference, Carter turned, smiling, to Senator Kennedy as he said, "President Kennedy's wit and also his wisdom is certainly as relevant today as it was then." Senator Kennedy laughed and applauded.

The history of the passage tells a little about the Carter presidential process.

Hendrik (Rick) Hertzberg, Carter's chief staff writer, drafted the initial versions and put together the final version. It was not "a committee operation" in the sense that some staff and outside contributors like to think it was. It did, however, reflect a wider basis of consultation than Carter usually invites for his major statements. Most of the outside and in-house contributions went to Hertzberg in memos and conversations. He worked over and sent to Carter an original draft and an expanded draft, annotated by the best of the contributions. He and Carter went over both drafts in sessions lasting well into the night before the President flew to Boston. In a search for everything John Kennedy had ever said on the record about Edward M. Kennedy, Hertzberg found the 1962 press conference crack about the presidency. Hertzberg included the 1962 reference in his final working draft to Carter, implicitly hoping that he would use it but also cautioning verbally that the President wait and see if it fitted the actual moment.

Carter said, flying home, that his wife Rosalynn gave him the same advice. But only, he said she said, if it was "the first humor" expressed at the dedication. Carter had begun his chat with the Air Force One pool of reporters by saying that the decision to include the 1962 quotation of JFK was his alone. He took pride in this. He said, "Everybody else said, 'leave it out.'" Then he excepted columnist Jimmy Breslin, who interviewed him during the flight to Boston and was shown the passage. Then he excepted Rosalynn. He never excepted Hertzberg, who found the quotation and said afterward that the decision to use it was the President's. Hertzberg said also that Carter wrote "some of the best parts" of the library speech, among them the account of the moment in 1963 when he climbed down from a tractor in Plains, learned that John Kennedy had been shot and then that he was dead, and cried and prayed.

Some in the White House and among Carter's outside advisers argued that he should make more than he did in the library speech of the point that the problems of 1940, 1960, and 1980 differ. Carter wisely accepted the advice that he make the point without hammering people (including the attendant Kennedys and particularly Senator Kennedy) over the head with it. His ways of making the point in a Boston television broadcast that followed the library speech and in his chat with reporters on the return flight were more

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It's Pay Up Or Quit.

For Ollie Robinson and 36 co-workers for the Housing Authority of Kansas City, Mo., the wheels of justice rolled, but slowly.

Without the help of a national legal foundation they might not have rolled at all.

When Ollie Robinson first came to work for the Housing Authority in 1960, there was no union. Robinson voluntarily joined the union in 1966, when it came in, because he believed workers needed the protection of strong labor unions.

All new employees hired by the Housing Authority after July, 1966, for maintenance jobs were forced to join the union and pay dues to keep their jobs. "I didn't have any idea," says Robinson that "the requirement to join was illegal." He didn't know that Missouri state law prohibits public officials and unions from requiring public employees to join a union to work for their own government.

But one day Ollie Robinson and his co-workers started paying more attention to "their" union. Officials doubled their dues—without asking them.

Robinson and his co-workers tried to resign from the union but were told they couldn't. They had no money for a lawyer. Many were afraid of losing their jobs.

Finally, one of them contacted the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation and the wheels of justice started moving. A law suit was filed. The Housing Authority quickly agreed to a consent decree—permanently preventing it from requiring employees to maintain union membership to keep their jobs.

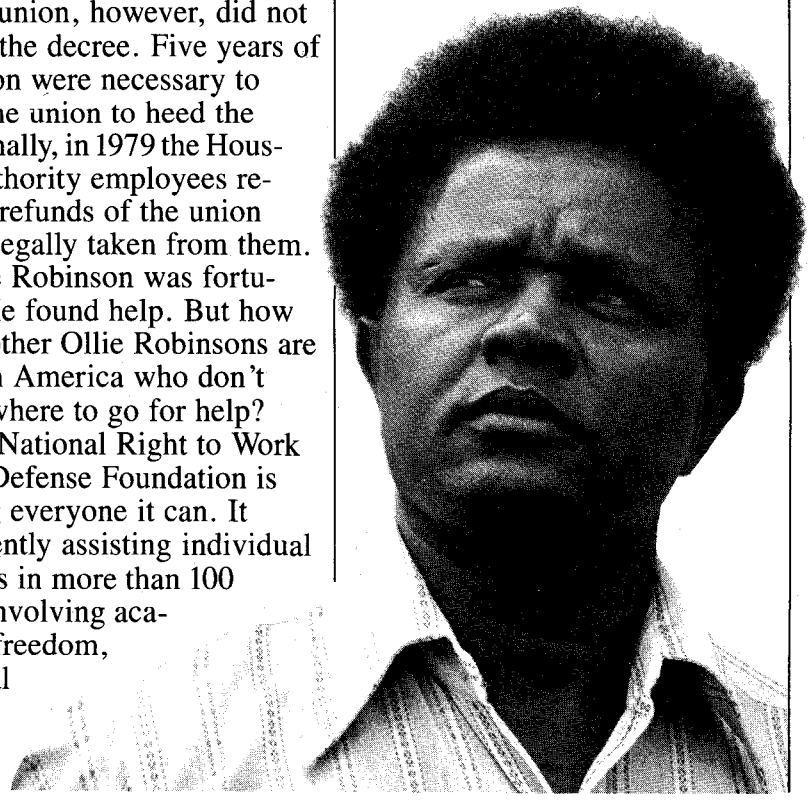
The union, however, did not join in the decree. Five years of litigation were necessary to force the union to heed the law. Finally, in 1979 the Housing Authority employees received refunds of the union dues illegally taken from them.

Ollie Robinson was fortunate. He found help. But how many other Ollie Robinsons are there in America who don't know where to go for help?

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is helping everyone it can. It is currently assisting individual workers in more than 100 cases involving academic freedom, political freedom, freedom from union violence, and the right to work for government without paying a private organization for that privilege.

For more information on how you can help workers like Ollie Robinson write:

The National Right to Work
Legal Defense Foundation
Suite 600
8316 Arlington Boulevard
Fairfax, Va. 22038



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interesting than the flat and obvious statements of difference in the formal speech. One is entitled to judge that the purpose was to indicate that the differences between Jimmy Carter and Edward M. Kennedy were not the differences that, in another time, Carter might have had with John Kennedy. More narrowly, the purpose was to isolate Edward Kennedy from John Kennedy and all that "the Kennedys" symbolize. From the Boston broadcast:

Q: "Is Senator Kennedy any more worthy of the Kennedy legacy than you are?"

Carter: "I don't think so. . . . Obviously the name and the family relationships—blood kin—is a very strong and powerful force . . . but I think as far as political alignment and relationship . . . I feel a very strong relationship with President Kennedy also."

Afterward with the reporters on Air Force One: "I think politically I am at least as close to John Kennedy as Ted [Senator Kennedy is]."

Carter in the Boston TV interview said his major differences with Senator Kennedy were over defense expenditures and "pouring out new programs and new money to meet a social need." It's the sort of argument we'll be hearing from now on, until the next president is chosen, and I decline to get into it here except to note that the President's press secretary, Jody Powell, and Senator Kennedy's press spokesman, Tom Southwick, called each other liars without quite saying they did.

Southwick said Kennedy's and Carter's major differences were over national health insurance—no argument about that—and energy policy—no argument about that either. The argument was over whether Kennedy had or had not originally opposed Carter's proposal in the 1980 defense budget for a real-terms increase of three percent in expenditure levels. Powell said Kennedy did oppose it, Southwick said Kennedy didn't. Both of them acknowledged that Kennedy finally voted for the increase. Cutting through thick semantic jungles, the fact seems to be that Kennedy supported Carter on a modest (three percent) increase in real expenditure for NATO support only and opposed several other defense increases. On the whole record, including but beyond defense, Carter appears to be right and undoubtedly will be making a big point of it in the coming 1980 campaign in saying that he, comparatively speaking—and it's one hell of a big comparative—is inclined to be a smaller spender than Kennedy is inclined to be.

John Osborne

Coming:

Sol Stern on Lebanon.

•

Paul Johnson on a Victorian Courtship.

An essay in ingratitude.

While You're Up, Get Me a Grant

Once an associate and I had lunch with Joel Colton of the Rockefeller Foundation, at our request but his expense. Midway through the meal's cautious conversation Mr. Colton had an obviously liberating perception. "You mean you aren't going to ask for *anything*?" He said it with a touch of incredulity. His eyes lit up. He visibly relaxed. His face unwound into a smile, "Well, then. WELL, then. Let's have dessert!"

On June 30 McGeorge Bundy retired as head of the Ford Foundation, a trove even larger than the one that Mr. Colton preserved intact through that lunch. Franklin Thomas, having declined a cabinet post offered by Jimmy Carter, has accepted Mr. Bundy's place. At the Rockefeller Foundation, the death of John Knowles leaves the top job open. So is the one at the big midwestern foundation that somebody in the White House recently addressed as "Ms. Lilly Endowment." (This was on a letter inviting Ms. Endowment to a briefing on SALT. I suspect it was written by a very young Georgian, unacquainted with the real world—that is, somebody who never had to compose grant applications for a living.) All of us on what we would like to think of as the receiving end of the philanthropy business will devote the most earnest study to the predilections of its new leaders.

Seeking money is hard, but guarding it from those of us who seek it must be worse. Imagine the lives of the officials who must write all those letters telling us that our request, though meritorious, does not fall within the foundation's guidelines. Picture the layer upon layer of weary human coping implied in Dwight MacDonald's description of the Ford Foundation: "a great body of money entirely surrounded by people who want some." I believe one can discern in the harried eyes of a program officer the awful toll of finding every day new ways of saying "no." A foundation executive who used to write articles on the side told me he had to quit pursuing this hobby after a few years at the foundation. Whenever he would publish some idea of

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his own, he would soon find it washing back in on him in waves of grant applications. It wasn't that he had cast bread upon the waters; the waters were flooding in upon the bread.

On one of Mr. Bundy's last days as president of the Ford Foundation, I took some friends who had never seen it to the 11th floor of the foundation's extraordinary building on 43rd Street in New York. From that top floor one can look down through the inner court directly into those offices of the top brass, including the president's, that have windows on the court. And there, for all the world to see, was Bundy himself, standing over his desk, briskly throwing papers into the wastebasket.

"Rejecting proposals," I said instantly, ungratefully, as one who had been a recipient of Ford Foundation largesse. In acceptance, no gratitude; in rejection, fury. For each award one ingrate, a hundred enemies, and a thousand critics.

A friend who became a vice president of Ms. Lilly's endowment remarked, when I quickly phoned to make certain that our friendship was secure, that he found now that every relationship he had was corrupted, except for his relationship with his wife. But, I thought, why count on that exception? I remembered that the wife of an Aspen Institute executive, himself a grant-getter, had in commendable emulation obtained funds for her own project on modern women's role. Can the Lilly vice president be confident that his wife won't eye him thoughtfully some evening and ask, dear, what would he think of just a small grant to study *women* in philanthropy? *Wives* of Foundation executives? "The Philanthropoid's Better Half: The Role of Women in America's Charitable Activities." Yes. It's timely. Neglected. *Needed*. Or any other of her interests: Medicine. Art. Life. Auto Maintenance. Interviews in New York. Just a small staff, dear, one or two research assistants and a travel budget?

The grant-giving, grant-seeking machinery must reconcile two very slippery sets of purposes: those of the giver, and those of the givee. Usually, neither of these is as sure of what he wants as he sounds. A foundation may *sound* clear enough—well, some of them do—in an annual report or official statement of purpose; but then in the face of an actual proposal may operate with scotch tape and whim. Some observers—jilted applicants, perhaps—have even suggested that a network of personal relationships has something to do with the making of grants. A foundation will have a fellow who listens politely while you describe your proposal, trying to put the right amount of pep into it, and then when you are all through says quietly: "We only give grants for the improvement of the soybean crop in southwestern Iowa." Well. A little hard to adapt one's proposal to *that*. But then he may add, "Except for an occasional chairman's grant to support *very* meritorious projects on the quality of life."

We grant-seekers must deal with the strain of remembering what it was we really wanted to do, while trying to make it fit those foundation purposes. Behavioral? We're behavioral. Urban? We're urban. Child neglect? Just about to work on it. Humanities? *Values*? Our very core. Audio-visual media? We're audio, we're visual, we're media. How about a behavioral study of the values imparted by the new media as they affect child neglect in the urban ghetto?

It is hard to keep the jockeying of grantors and grantees from being a mutual encouragement to each other's confusion of purpose. But sometimes the delicate negotiations have a clarifying effect. An ex-giver tells of a time when he was in charge of a South American desk of a very big foundation, and was visited day after day by a cheerfully determined little nun from a very poor village high in the mountains. Could you support this? Could you support that? I'm sorry, Sister; we don't do it that way. Finally she made the quintessential foundation proposal. "Please," she said, taking in with her gesture the costly surroundings, "You have so much. We have so little. Give us money for *anything*." After several more weeks they settled for a movie projector for her school.

William Lee Miller

William Lee Miller has received grants from the Ford Foundation, the Lilly Endowment, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, the Rockefeller Foundation, the National Endowment for the Humanities, and the Indiana Committee for the Humanities, among others. He is director of the Poynter Center at Indiana University.

Wasted talent.

No Ford in Your Future

The passing of Gerald Ford from the election scene—his announcement of his withdrawal, although not Shermanesque, had a ring of certainty to it—deserves to be celebrated with a few reflections. The *New York Times* pushed the news onto page 28 of the second part of its first section, and the columnists and editorial writers seem to have nothing to say. Yet it is a political event of perhaps long-range as well as immediate significance. It is not often that an ex-president of the United States has chosen to run again after he has been defeated, and particularly to run again with as reasonable a chance of success as Ford might have had. It would have been interesting to watch how he fared.

There is a reckless waste of talent in political life in America. In a parliamentary country a political leader

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who is defeated in an election is as likely as not to take his seat as leader of the opposition and there wait for the next election, when he and his party will as likely as not be returned to office. He is not automatically discarded just because he lost. But in America it is difficult for even a senator or congressman to be returned after he has been defeated. None of this is to say that Gerald Ford is the most sparkling of politicians, or that the ship of state is unsafe if he is not returned to the helm. But most of us would admit that in the partisanship of the last election we were unfair to him. He assumed the presidency in the most difficult of circumstances, and really had no time to put together an administration of his own. It would have been interesting to see him tested when he could have been his own man. Perhaps he would have slipped and foundered as before, but even that would have been useful to find out. It would have provocatively raised the question why an experienced congressional leader does not necessarily have what it takes to be a president.

If the American people are going to get into the habit of having only one-term presidents—so far there has not been a two-term president in the past 19 years—then it should be a corollary that the defeated one-term president can reasonably run again. Otherwise there is going to be a yet greater waste of talent and experience. Politics is so much a game of what Bismarck called "imponderabilia"—a good politician can be overwhelmed by a bad harvest—that a personal defeat should not be taken as an irrefutable sign of unworthiness. Most observers agree that the presidency as an institution is in trouble today. But such dislocations often require only changes in habit and not constitutional amendments. Ford's candidacy would have been interesting beyond itself, especially if he had been nominated and then won the election.

At the very moment of his withdrawal, movements to draft him were growing. It seemed reasonably certain that he would have beaten Ronald Reagan in New Hampshire. The governor of Vermont was actively for him. All this suggests that a fascinating opportunity may have been lost. I have found others like me who, although we might not have voted for Ford because of ideological reasons or party inclinations, would have looked closely and even favorably at him simply because of his personality. An important independent vote might have been his for the asking.

Even if one still accepts the easy image of him as a nice fellow but not of much weight, his announcement nonetheless leaves a curiously strong impression that something substantial may have been lost. One's mind leaps to the rest of the Republican candidates—and it is as if the hole has gone from the middle of the doughnut. The jingle that invokes us to keep our eyes on the hole and not on the doughnut is profound: it is hardly too much to say that what it proposes is that the Platonic essence of a doughnut is to be found in its hole. Give it a moment's thought: this obviously is true. One knows that one has finished one's doughnut when one looks at one's plate and there is no longer a hole: the withdrawal of Gerald Ford reveals that the Republican party is now in the same condition. There is a great ring of Republican candidates, but not even together do they make a hole.

Where among them is the Republican party? A great battle is supposed to be taking place between them for its mind and soul, yet the months drift by and one still has no feel in one's fingers that there is a party at all. Gerald Ford gave this feeling. There was no need to ask for his credentials: he was the nearest we had to a Mr. Republican. Not even Howard Baker, in as prominent a position as the minority leader of the Senate, gives us such a feel. Ford said that one of his reasons for withdrawing was to encourage others "to jump into the fray in behalf of the candidate of their choice," but it is hard to point to one Republican candidate who will make the party seem convincing. The result is that one would think that the nomination struggle between Jimmy Carter and Edward Kennedy is in fact the election, already being fought in an arena that the Democrats have marked out.

The very day after Ford's announcement, another event brought home the point. The ceremony to dedicate the new Kennedy Library at Boston was something of a party occasion. There was the Democratic party of two strife-torn decades—the Kennedys, Lady Bird Johnson, the Carters—and with all its chic it might well have been a clambake. About to enter a searing campaign for the nomination, the Democrats still staged one of their love feasts. It is only decent to say that this owed something to the speech of Jimmy Carter, which moved even the most committed Kennedy supporters to transports of disbelief and praise. It is politically not unimportant that some mutual respect was established. It drained away at least a measure of the venom that might have poisoned the Democratic party as it did in the campaigns of 1968 and 1972. But not even any individual performance or the proper sentiments of the occasion can alter the fact that there was the Democratic party in its heraldic dress: puissant and rampant, and almost inexplicably touching.

Lyndon Johnson often used to say: "Mah daddy told me that, if you went into a bull roast blindfolded and

Coming:

Nick Kotz on Walter Mondale.

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couldn't smell whether it was Democratic or Republican, you should get out of politics." Commentators are always telling us that the days of the parties are over—instead of saying correctly that their role has changed—and yet that smell of a party is still a potent factor in any election. It is hard to get a whiff of the odor from any of the Republican candidates now as they wander around the country looking for votes. One reason is obvious. The moderate candidates are fighting the right-wing candidates with kid gloves. They will not risk a donnybrook. So how is anyone to know who or what they are? Gerald Ford was the only one with the authority—and possibly even the needed mercilessness—to make a battle of it that the electors could have felt they were joining. But now he has ducked out, as have all the moderate Republican leaders since 1964, these men incapable of command. It may be more of a pity than we yet understand. The country needs a second governing party at the national level, and an untried ex-president with some claims to trust might have brought forward just that. It is typical of the Republicans that they should let the chance slip away.

Henry Fairlie

With Uncle Sam in a supporting role.

Another Cambodia

Next time you see a photo of a gaunt-eyed, swollen-bellied Cambodian child, or read a report about mass death from war, disease, and starvation in Indochina, think about the small Asian island of East Timor. Much the same thing that has happened in Cambodia has happened in East Timor, some 2500 miles to the southeast. Between a tenth and a third of the island's population—60,000 to 200,000 persons—has been killed or has died from lack of food and medicine since fighting started in 1975. Half a generation of Timorese children may have been rendered mentally retarded by malnutrition. Right now 250,000 Timorese are languishing in resettlement camps which one recent visitor, a refugee-relief expert, described as "horrible—as horrible as any I've seen anywhere, including the Thai-Cambodian border." Of these 250,000, about 60,000 face starvation unless relief supplies reach them within the next two months, and 25,000 are in critical condition at this very moment.

For Americans, there is a big difference between Timor and Cambodia. We do not have the luxury, in the case of Timor, of blaming what's happened on Khmer Rouge fanatics or the communist government of North Vietnam. The agony of East Timor is the result of a bloody and brutal territorial seizure by America's friend, Indonesia, and we are deeply implicated in what has happened. Indonesia's original invasion, in December 1975, occurred just 12 hours after President Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger had visited Jakarta, Indonesia's capital, raising no public objection to the impending attack. American weapons were used in the initial assault and throughout Indonesia's four-year campaign to suppress nationalist guerrillas. The Ford administration accepted Indonesia's claim to East Timor, and so did the Carter administration, which (despite its stated policy of limiting world arms transfers) increased military sales to Indonesia from the Ford level of three million dollars to $112 million in 1978.

Despite consistent reports by Australian and other sources about Indonesian atrocities in East Timor, and despite occasional congressional hearings on events there, the Carter administration has raised scarcely a public peep over human rights violations on the island. The US doesn't want unfortunate goings-on in an obscure place to frustrate better relations with the world's fifth most populous country, a resources-rich anti-communist ally strategically placed in the gap between the Asian mainland and Australia and between the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Indonesia, in effect, has extorted the United States into silence by making it clear it would allow no Western humanitarian relief agencies to visit and help Timor if too much were said about what's going on there. Even now, Carter administration officials are afraid to say too much, lest Indonesia refuse to cooperate in saving those who face starvation between now and the monsoon season.

The conscience of America will be eased to know that the US government, having supplied the weapons of Timor's destruction, is now providing 8119 tons of a high-protein rice and corn soy blend to feed its refugees, and has furnished $2.9 million in aid to the International Red Cross and Catholic Relief Services, the agencies responsible for helping Timor's population. However, the conscience of America should not rest too easy. American officials raise some doubt whether enough transportation facilities exist on the island to get food and medicine to all who need it before the rains start. An American researcher who has done extensive work on Timor, Arnold Kohen, also cites church and government sources in Australia, Indonesia, and the US as charging that Indonesian military authorities have systematically plundered previous relief shipments and parceled out the remainder on a politically discriminatory basis. The conscience of America really should not rest at least until the US government has done all it can to assure that the people it has made miserable really are helped.

It is not terribly surprising that America has paid little attention to Timor up to now. It is located nowhere—at the far southern end of the Malay archipelago, 350 miles north of Australia. The whole island is about double the size of New Jersey, and for 400 years it has been divided culturally and politically

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into eastern and western parts. West Timor was a Dutch colony, with a large Moslem population, and naturally joined Indonesia (which is predominantly Moslem) when the rest of the country won its independence. East Timor, however, was Portuguese and heavily Catholic. It was not at all necessary or natural that it would join Indonesia when the Portuguese withdrew in 1975. A brief, bloody civil war was fought in September of that year between left- and right-wing factions committed to independence. The left-wing faction, FRETILIN, won out, using arms provided or taken from the former Portuguese garrison.

Indonesia was willing to tolerate a Portuguese East Timor, but not an independent mini-state. The right-wing government of President Suharto has asserted that FRETILIN was a communist movement, but US officials say there is no evidence whatever to support the claim. Probably Indonesia figured it had nothing to gain by tolerating an independent neighbor. The Indonesians first sent in commando units from West Timor, which seized border areas in September 1975 and (according to Australian intelligence sources) killed five Australian television reporters who filmed the invasion.

In late November, FRETILIN declared independence and on December 3 it appealed to President Ford to prevent Indonesia from invading. During Ford's visit to Jakarta, Kissinger issued a public statement saying that the United States "understands Indonesia's position on the question" of Timor. Whatever American officials may have said in private about what Indonesia was about to do, it certainly had no deterrent effect. On December 7 Indonesia launched a full-scale invasion against the East Timor capital of Dili. A high-ranking Indonesian general confirmed to a US congressional delegation that "of course there were US weapons used. These are the only weapons that we have."

There is virtually no dispute that the initial invasion was accompanied by widespread, indiscriminate killings of civilians by Indonesian troops. As in Vietnam, and as in Indonesia's own civil war, ethnic Chinese seem to have been a special target of systematic brutality and murder. US State Department officials admit excesses during the early days of fighting, but claim offending soldiers and commanders were removed and disciplined. Critics of US policy assert, however, that the top commander of the forces attacking Dili was not disciplined at all, but was decorated and promoted to brigadier general.

It is an interesting parallel between Cambodia and East Timor—and one which may not be coincidental—that the Indonesian government, like Pol Pot's regime in Cambodia, made it almost impossible for the outside world to know what it was doing as it attempted to assert control over the land. Prior to its invasion, Indonesia warned Australia to get all its nationals out of the country, and also demanded the departure of International Red Cross workers. As in Cambodia, foreign visits were permitted only rarely, and then were tightly controlled.

Because of the secrecy, it's impossible to know exactly what transpired in Timor from 1975 until this year, when a few Westerners again began to travel around the country as part of relief efforts. Indonesia justified its secrecy, and its activities, as an "internal matter" after May 1976, when an Indonesian-appointed "Regional Popular Assembly" unanimously voted to ask for incorporation of Timor into Indonesia. This action has been declared invalid three times by the United Nations General Assembly. The Carter administration's official human rights report declared diplomatically that the US "has accepted the incorporation of East Timor into Indonesia, but it does not recognize that a valid act of self-determination occurred." Recognition of the incorporation, however, saves the US from having to object to its ally's use of US-supplied equipment to commit aggression.

On the ground in East Timor, it's clear that after Indonesia's invasion, FRETILIN's forces fled the island's small urban centers for the rugged highlands. The insurgents may have numbered as many as 25,000 persons. In 1976, the Indonesian military began to make use of Rockwell OV-10 "Bronco" counter-insurgency aircraft—slow-moving planes equipped with infrared detectors, bombs, rockets, napalm, and machine guns, specifically designed for close combat support against an enemy without an effective anti-aircraft capability. US congressional committees have been told by critics of American policy that Indonesia used the planes not only to destroy guerrilla strongpoints, but also to wreck the villages and crops of highland dwellers in order to separate them from FRETILIN.

Estimates of casualties in Timor vary greatly. In 1976, a leader of a provisional government created by Indonesia said he believed 60,000 persons had been killed. In March 1977, James Dunn, an Australian parliament researcher and former consul in Timor who is the most energetic gatherer of information about the island's travail, told a US congressional committee that 100,000 persons had been killed. He based his estimate on reports from Indonesian church officials and refugees. At the same congressional hearing, US State Department officials said such high reports were "greatly exaggerated." One official said that the death toll was probably 10,000. This year, James Dunn compared pre-war Portuguese census figures with current Indonesian military estimates of the population and found that 300,000 persons are "missing." Kohen, citing church sources, says more than 200,000 have died. One US State Department official said last week that 100,000 is the "generally accepted figure" on Timorese deaths. Another said he knew of no accepted figure. What American intelligence agencies know from Australian monitoring of Indonesian military communications, US officials will not say.

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The most intense fighting in Timor has occurred during the Carter administration's tenure in office—and so have most of the casualties. In mid-1977, Indonesia offered an amnesty to FRETILIN, but also moved 10,000 fresh troops into the country and stepped up counter-insurgency operations. In the fall, a French photo-journalist slipped into the country and later claimed that the Indonesian army was "systematically wiping out" villages suspected of supporting the guerrillas. In 1978, employing search-and-destroy techniques, heavy air bombardments, and helicopter-borne attacks, the Indonesians began to make decisive headway against FRETILIN. On the last day of the year, an Indonesian force killed the opposition's president, Nicolau Lobato.

The level of continuing resistance in Timor is in dispute. Indonesian authorities seem confident enough now to allow some Westerners to make helicopter visits around the countryside more or less freely as they inspect refugee camps. However other sources, including Arnold Kohen, contend that the resistance is still alive. Kohen asserts, citing reports from US government officials and church sources, that the Indonesian military's policy is to execute summarily all FRETILIN members, supporters, and their families, leaving resistance fighters little choice but to hide when they are unable to fight. Although the US government recognizes Indonesia's take-over of Timor, it's still not clear that Timor has acquiesced.

During 1978 and 1979, a massive stream of Timorese refugees—some 300,000—has descended from the interior highlands to coastal areas and towns, driven by a combination of war devastation and drought to seek food, medicine, and shelter. The condition of the refugees has been described by witnesses as being worse than in Biafra, the Sahel, or Bangladesh during their respective disasters. In September 1978, church relief workers told visiting correspondents that 500 people per month were dying in one East Timor district alone. Other recent visitors say a third of the refugees are marasmic—emaciated, bellies swollen from malnutrition—or post-marasmic, in a state where their bodies are consuming their own protein. Of 250,000 now in refugee camps, one experienced relief official said he guessed 25,000 "are not going to make it" in spite of international relief efforts. The scale may be smaller, but Timor is another Cambodia—and it is partly our responsibility.

Morton Kondracke

Some Washington insiders have done well by doing ill.

The Trade Association Hustle

by Anne Colamosca

Before the consumerists started having their way during the late 1960s, being the head of a trade association in Washington was considered a soft, cushy job. It was often given to an old industry salt who had proven his loyalty in the upper echelons of the General Motors of his industry. His main job was to serve as a listening post for his industry friends back home. In an outraged monthly newsletter, he would let his members know that Big Brother was still flailing business unmercifully. When serious political trouble appeared, the trade association executive more often than not would sit passively in his office while a powerful "industry rep" (independent lobbyist) would be hired to twist arms or sweet-talk congressional leaders.

Charles Walker, the most prominent for-hire business lobbyist, recalls the golden era: "In those days, I would have a 50-minute meeting with Sam Rayburn. For 48 minutes we would talk about Texas, family, and friends. In the remaining two, we would settle what I had come to talk about. He always knew what I was there for, and would say, 'It's taken care of, Charley,' or 'I just can't do that for you.' Now that kind of thing just doesn't happen any more. With the decline of parties, the decline in leadership in the Congress, business lobbying groups have to cover the field. Many more bodies and much more time are needed to accomplish what we did then."

The old giants among Washington's trade groups, like the Grocery Manufacturers of America, the American Bankers' Association, and the American Petroleum Institute are as active as ever on Capitol Hill. But they have been joined by hundreds of less well-known trade associations—the Direct Selling Associa-

Anne Colamosca is a New York writer.

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tion, the National Funeral Directors Association, the National Association of Distributors, the National Federation of Independent Businessmen—which have grown in sophistication and power during the 1970s. Associations like these have moved to Washington, increased their budgets, and spent a lot of energy lobbying against regulators and consumerists in Washington—and they've been very successful.

The really heady days for many trade associations began with the destruction of the proposed Consumer Protection Agency in early 1978. "At that time, a powerful coalition of business groups came together to defeat us, and the surprising thing is that this coalition has still not come apart," says David Swankin, long-time consumerist lawyer on the staff of the National Consumer League. "I don't think this has ever happened before. Usually coalitions fall apart after the battle is won." Swankin and others agree that the trade associations have done a thorough job of spreading the anti-government gospel throughout the news media and the country.

Supplying many of the bodies, much of the money, and reams of technical information are the hundreds of increasingly politicized industry trade associations that have set up shop in Washington in recent years—nearly 1600 at last count. In most cases the old industry salt has been replaced by a youngish professional manager type with no previous ties to the industry he represents. These new executives are a breed apart from the businessmen they speak for. A typical trade association executive is in his 30s or early 40s, but he is well paid—up to $150,000 in some cases. He hasn't spent years climbing the executive ladder in industry, impressing superiors with his skill in turning out a product and meeting a payroll. Instead he has held several jobs in Washington—in a congressional office, the White House, or some branch of the bureaucracy. Most of his friends work for the government. He is apt to feel more comfortable—socially and ideologically—with these people than with his own association members. "His job is to continue pretending he hates government while all the time in his own heart that's where he feels most comfortable," says one association-watcher. "He has to be very crafty and shrewd to operate in such a way that his members feel comfortable with him, even though they realize he's not one of them." If he doesn't produce, he can't count on his old connections to keep his job.

A recent trade association meeting in the Bahamas, made up largely of self-made businessmen over the age of 50, was organized by its new 36-year-old president. "Thomas" is considered to be a "comer" in Washington. Armed with an MA in economics from the University of Wisconsin, he got a job with the Federal Reserve, and after a few months of 12- to 15-hour days was promoted to a GS-15 level job at OMB. Four years later he became chief economist of a medium-sized but well-budgeted trade association that had just moved to Washington. He was discovered by the economics press corps in Washington, got a lot of exposure for his association, and was a natural choice for president (salary: $85,000).

Thomas realizes that the byword among business lobbyists and trade associations now is "cooperation," a departure from the traditional Lone Ranger style of getting things accomplished. His predecessor had been unceremoniously dumped because he failed to get an all-important protective tariff bill through Congress. Thomas's tactic, which seems to be working, is to be communicative and gracious to other related lobbying efforts, but at the same time to let his members know that he is leading the fight to increase industry sales abroad. It could be done and would get him a lot of credit.

For the first several months, Thomas had liked the gruff, entrepreneurial, independent-minded members in his association. But slowly his original enthusiasm has waned. For one thing, he often privately disagrees with the narrow industry positions he has to defend. More important, he is uncomfortable knowing that much of the financial information being disclosed by his members is more fantasy than fact. Last year, before he arrived, the industry had managed to fend off an investigation by the Securities and Exchange Commission. But Thomas was worried that he would be personally involved if the SEC decided to take another look—which it might well do some day. It isn't that Thomas is that much more ethical than his members—just that any trouble with the SEC wouldn't look good on his resume. That's important because he's dead sure he doesn't want to be a career trade association man. He figures that in three years, if things go right, he should be running a medium-sized corporation or holding a top government post.

The New American Hustler

America is still the land of opportunity, but the opportunities have changed somewhat under conditions of what some call "late capitalism." This is another article in an occasional series examining new opportunities for riches created by the mixed economy and the post-industrial age.

These modern entrepreneurs are likely to share three characteristics in contrast to their counterparts a century ago. First, what they are selling tends to be more amorphous and ephemeral, and not obviously connected to the production of goods and services that add directly to the national prosperity. Second, they often depend on the existence of a large government sector, either as a customer or a generator of the need for their services. Third, most of the new American capitalists described in this series are politically liberal, perhaps because their prosperity depends on the society the liberal vision has created.

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But putting this unpleasantness out of his mind, Thomas concentrates on his plans for the next year. He will strengthen his government relations and economics departments within his association. He wants to introduce some programs to disseminate industry information in an educational forum. And he has to make sure the PAC groups are primed for the upcoming national election.

Today, after a sterling performance at the lectern, filling his members in on what has been happening on the Hill recently, Thomas retires to his hotel room for a pause. He has been onstage for two hours, being reassuring, answering questions, smiling on the breakfast dais before that, making conversation with people he doesn't much like. The breakfast conversation concerned crime and other problems in the cities. The members are mostly suburbanites who regard urbanites with suspicion, so Thomas didn't mention that he loves his town house on Capitol Hill, or that he has worked on several urban rehabilitation projects. And fortunately, the long-time association lawyer was on hand to give the usual Ronald Reagan-style harangue, urging that big government be obliterated so that honest, hard-working businessmen can roll up their sleeves and make a living again. "It's kind of like a form of group mental masturbation," remarked a friend of Thomas's who happened into an association meeting one day. But Thomas's speech was a dispassionate discussion of proposed legislation that big government should pass for industry next year.

After all this he wants to relax. But is he obligated to do the expected nine holes of golf, or dare he and his wife spend the rest of the morning playing tennis alone? He decides to risk the tennis. Over the next three days Thomas and Carol, who are slim and stylish, have to spend a lot of time mingling with the members, who are mostly paunchy and polyestered. Thomas, his face set in a perpetual smile, counts the hours until he can fly back to Washington and have a drink at F. Scott's with a couple of his Capitol Hill friends. The members aren't entirely at ease with Thomas either. "Our new president seems to be doing a lot of good," they admit, a bit grudgingly. "He is a little distant . . . his wife is really a toothpick . . . Oh, well, I'm glad Milton [the lawyer] is sticking around to keep things balanced."

Perhaps inevitably, because of their different backgrounds, back-room tensions between the "new breed" executive and his bosses have increased. Even Low concedes, "there is much more turnover among chief association executives now than in the past." Low's organization finds jobs for about 700 association people a year, and approximately 40 percent of these jobs are for chief executives. "Most often," adds Low, "a paid executive leaves when there is an unresolvable pressure and tension between him and the elected association head."

Many who deal with today's medium-sized trade association—even consumerists—say it has become much more sophisticated, thanks to pros like Thomas. Top-grade armies of accountants, economists, lawyers, and technical experts grind out impressive background studies that go far beyond the former knee-jerk industry defenses that trade associations used to be known for giving. "Most legislation being dealt with today is very technical in nature," says Malcolm Jensen, who spent 25 years with the National Bureau of Standards, and three years as president of the Can Manufacturers Association. "As a result, people within regulatory agencies and congressional aides have become very reliant on these trade association experts. Naturally, these trade association people do everything they can, in a subtle way, to sway the government people to their point of view through their presentation of material." Jensen thinks that government agencies should hire more non-lawyers who can help out on these technical problems. Says one agency staffer, "It is not unusual for trade association people to be called on overnight to actually help draft proposed legislation."

During the mid-1960s trade associations hit upon the technique of pushing federal legislation to offset tough consumerist laws passed by many states. After the passage of the Fair Packaging and Labeling Act in 1966—which automatically preempted all state laws on the books—many lobbying efforts concentrated on getting soft federal legislation passed. Before this, most federal legislation passed existed side by side with state laws. "There was a change in industry philosophy after this law was passed," explains Frank McLaughlin, a senior staffer at the Department of Consumer Affairs. "The trade associations began to understand that they could consolidate their forces, look good to boot, and get the most for their money by concentrating on Washington."

But the crushing defeat of the Consumer Protection Agency in 1978 again changed the approach of many trade association groups. "We are past the point where lobbyists and trade association people are going for the weakened legislation," says David Swankin. "For one thing, there are no longer many states that are passing dangerously reformist legislation that has to be preempted. For another, the trade associations don't have to concentrate just on weakening legislation anymore. There is an assumption today that the public is so anti-regulation, that lobbyists can just outright kill proposed legislation."

This fall, the Federal Trade Commission has been made the target of this unified coalition of lobbyists and trade associations. As the *Washington Post* pointed out in a recent editorial, "A few years ago, the Federal Trade Commission was in trouble because it wasn't doing its job. It was a moribund agency that did little more than consume tax dollars. Now the commission is in trouble because it is doing its job too well."

The influence wielded by the trade associations in Congress was displayed a few weeks ago. A House appropriations subcommittee meeting, chaired by John M. Slack, Democrat of West Virginia, put together a hit

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list of a dozen investigations it wanted halted by the FTC. The House Appropriations Committee later voted to soften this resolution by merely calling a halt to all new investigations in the works.

But what trade associations and other lobbyists really want is a congressional veto over all FTC investigations. Given Congress's current susceptibility to the manipulations of special interests, that probably would be the death knell of a vigorous FTC. Last year a bill to provide for a congressional veto was passed by the House, but lost in the Senate. This year, by all reports, the Senate has softened and the resolution may pass. In addition, specific amendments to stop investigations into some key industries are all being pushed separately, and some of them may pass. Swankin says, "Most of the business coalition thinks that they have it in the bag with the FTC. If they really end up doing a job on it . . . then they will easily move on to the other regulatory agencies afterward. The whole thing is very grim." "In the end," adds Swankin, "it still gets down to the use of raw power—that is what the trade association coalition is doing now. Their sophisticated techniques have helped, but that is not what's going on in Congress regarding the FTC right now. Mostly, it's money." Money and the people like Thomas that money can buy.

He got the benefit of some serious doubts.

Why Carter Wasn't Indicted

by Nathan Lewin

The hardest decision for a prosecutor to make in a highly publicized case is *not* to file criminal charges. The public expects prosecutors to pursue those suspected of crime. The public also often assumes that where the media reports smoke, there must be fire. So a prosecutor is usually choosing the course which maintains his personal prestige if he initiates a criminal prosecution whenever the spotlight falls on a particular investigation, even if he thinks the accusation is unjustified or flimsy. Of course lawyers' ethics frown on this attitude. The American Bar Association's guidelines tell prosecutors that they should not seek criminal charges unless they are personally satisfied that the accused has committed the crime with which he is to be charged. But there are not many conscientious and fair-minded prosecutors who honestly apply this demanding standard.

It was refreshing, therefore, to hear Paul Curran, who was once the US attorney in New York City, announce, after a seven-month investigation of the finances of the peanut-shelling partnership in which Jimmy Carter held a 62 percent interest, that he believed "no indictment can or should be brought against anyone." There was an almost audible sigh of relief in the country, which is unprepared to have a second president in single decade unmasked as a crook. Even the most dogged pursuers of the Carter administration—William Safire of the *New York Times* being the most prominent—readily accepted Curran's vindication of the Carter Warehouse. The only questions raised were why the Carter people had been so nervous about this probe, why there had been reluctance to appoint what was ultimately called a "special counsel" (as contrasted with a "special prosecutor"), and why certain witnesses—including, by some reports, Billy Carter—invoked the Fifth Amendment's privilege against self-incrimination when they were called to testify before the grand jury. If there was really nothing to hide, the critics said, why didn't the president ask immediately that an independent investigator conduct the inquiry and why didn't everyone come forward to supply the information that inevitably would lead to a clean bill of health?

The answer lies in a feature of today's criminal-justice process that is rarely acknowledged, but that is commonly known within the growing corps of lawyers who defend those accused of "white-collar" crime: the line between conduct that may land a businessman in jail and activity that government agencies or competitors may remedy only in civil lawsuits has become blurred beyond recognition. Nearly everything an entrepreneur does that is wrong can be brought within the ambit of a state or federal criminal law which may land him in jail. So if a prosecutor shows interest in how a business has been run and has the resources for a thorough investigation, and if there have been defaults or questionable practices in the operation of that business, a criminal indictment is possible. The now-public record of the Carter Warehouse is no better—and seems somewhat worse—than that of any business which has had its ups and downs. And a prosecutor more determined to bring criminal charges than Mr.

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Curran probably could have made a tolerable criminal case out of what he found.

Special Counsel Curran produced a 176-page public report of his investigation, prefaced with an apology for its incompleteness. He explained that the secrecy rules governing federal grand juries prohibit him from disclosing the testimony of witnesses to anyone other than government attorneys. For this reason he submitted a more complete report to Attorney General Civiletti than he did to the Congress and the public. Curran told the press that the secret report, which covers 239 pages, also contains a 30-page conclusion in which he "applies the evidence to the law." (This curiously reverses the formula intoned by judges and lawyers, who customarily speak of "applying the law to the facts.") The public report summarizes documents only; it neither discloses nor evaluates the oral testimony of witnesses. (This also is a surprising demarcation since courts consistently have held that documents subpoenaed by a grand jury must be kept as confidential as the testimony of witnesses.) The documents that Curran discusses raise enough questions to justify the caution with which the president's forces approached the investigation and to explain why witnesses might have been well advised to refuse to answer the prosecutor's questions.

The investigation centered on several large loans obtained by the Carter Warehouse from Bert Lance's bank—the National Bank of Georgia. The most important of the loans—called "the 1975 Peanut Loan" in the Curran Report—was in effect from August 1975 to August 1976. This coincided with Jimmy Carter's campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination.

The Warehouse's partners—the president, his mother, and his brother Billy—decided in 1975 to go into the peanut shelling business. This meant buying peanuts in the shell from peanut farmers, processing them through a shelling machine, and then selling the shelled peanuts at a profit to commercial users. In a first loan, the National Bank of Georgia financed the partnership's purchase and installation of a peanut sheller (at a cost of approximately $600,000). Once the equipment was in place, it was necessary to go out and buy the peanuts. Here is where the more intricate financing began.

The bank agreed to lend the Warehouse up to three million dollars to buy peanuts. There are, however, state and federal standards governing the security needed for bank loans of this size. The loan agreement specified that the security would be the peanuts to be purchased, which would be maintained—both before and after they were shelled—in a bonded warehouse owned by a Georgia company known as Collateral Control Corporation. The company would report to the bank each month on the value of the peanuts in its custody, and the outstanding loan amount could not exceed 80 percent of the value of the peanuts. This arrangement provided legal protection to the stockholders and other depositors of the National Bank of Georgia and to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which, under federal law, guaranteed the accounts held by ordinary customers of the bank. If the Carter Warehouse was unable to pay its bills—if the peanut-shelling business (then in its first year) did not live up to expectations—the bank could collect the amount due by taking over and selling the peanuts held in the bonded warehouse.

Mr. Curran's public report discloses that this complex security arrangement was honored only in the breach. Less than 45 days after the bank made its first payment, the amount owed by the Carter Warehouse exceeded 80 percent of the value of the peanuts held by Collateral Control Corporation. By the end of October 1975—approximately two months after the loan was approved—the outstanding obligation (which was then $2.2 million) exceeded the value of the peanuts held in the bonded warehouse. And by the end of November, the outstanding balance on the loan was more than two million dollars, while the value of the peanuts held as security was less that $1.5 million.

The situation grew worse in the succeeding months. The Curran Report discloses that between March and May 1976 there was not a single peanut in the bonded warehouse, even though the outstanding balance of the loan was in excess of one million dollars. The scenario begins to sound a little like the famous salad-oil scandal of the 1950s—when huge loans were secured on tanks of salad oil reportedly held in bonded warehouses, and the lenders found (when they were forced to foreclose on their security) that the tanks were empty.

But there was a happier ending to the Carter Warehouse story. A chart that takes up 10 pages of the Curran Report shows that in mid-May 1976 shelled peanuts began to be stored in the bonded warehouse. By May 20, when the loan balance was still slightly over one million dollars, there were approximately $650,000 worth of peanuts in bond. The loan balance ultimately was reduced to approximately $520,000, but the value of the peanuts never rose to more than about 65 percent of the outstanding loan until the end of the year—when a new loan, with fresh security, was negotiated.

Where were the peanuts? They were, one supposes, somewhere in the process, but plainly out of reach of the bank's security interest. And during this time, someone acting for the Carter Warehouse was asking the bank for more funds under its line of credit, even though the security prescribed by the loan agreement was absent.

This may all seem like a sloppy business practice, and people ought not to go to jail merely for being sloppy. The fact is, however, that there have been federal "white-collar" criminal indictments based on not much more in the way of falsification of commercial transactions. Beyond that, however, there was even more in this case to whet a prosecutor's appetite.

First of all, the Curran Report indicates that someone

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acting for the Carter Warehouse was writing checks to pay off the loan—presumably to keep it within the letter of the security arrangement, which permitted the release of peanuts from the warehouse only if the loan was being paid. But there was no money in the bank account maintained at the National Bank of Georgia to pay those checks. The report states blandly that with the exception of the first five repayment checks "all checks to NBG [the National Bank of Georgia] accompanying releases were not processed." The total amount of these unprocessed checks was more than $2.25 million. Instead of processing the checks—which would either have overdrawn the account or been bounced—the bank charged the Carter Warehouse whenever money was available in its account.

Who signed the checks? Didn't the drawer of the checks know there was no money in the account to cover them? Why did the checks continue to be written and signed even after it was apparent that the bank was not processing them? The practice now begins to look like more than mere sloppiness. The paperwork was being generated to make it appear as if the security arrangement was being honored, when everyone knew that it was not.

A second aspect of the transaction is equally troublesome. The bank was subject, during this period of time, to audits by federal examiners and by Arthur Andersen & Company, the nationally recognized firm of certified public accountants that was the bank's outside auditor. Either of these independent examiners should have discovered the absence or inadequacy of security for this very large loan. In fact, the federal examiners conducted their audit in September 1975, just as the loan was getting under way, and there had not yet been any substantial amount paid under the approved line of credit. When the time came for the following year's examination, the examiners abandoned their practice of making a surprise inspection. They gave generous advance notice and by the time of the examination, the loan had been renegotiated for the next year and additional security had been provided.

The audits of the private independent auditors did, however, occur during the time that the security for the loan was short or nonexistent. When one audit—which was required for the bank's year-end report—turned up this flaw, the Curran Report advises that "a representation [was made] by an unidentified bank employee that the collateral had been restored to the eighty percent requirement." If such a "representation" was made, it was totally false.

Another audit was conducted in June 1976, prior to a public offering of the bank's stock in September. This brings into play a large body of law—including criminal provisions—governing misrepresentations in connection with public offerings of stock. This time the auditors did not even look at the loan because between December 1975 and July 12, 1976—while the security was at its lowest—a $1.5-million share of the loan had been transferred to a smaller state bank located in Donalsonville, Georgia. (The state bank exceeded its lending limit by accepting the loan—even after farming most of it to two other related banks—and ultimately had to sell back its "participation" in the loan when state banking examiners criticized it.)

This strange assignment and restoration of the Carter Warehouse loan, which sandwiched the public stock offering of the National Bank of Georgia stock, is the kind of transaction which is the usual grist of criminal prosecutions under the securities laws. A prosecutor intent on indicting and convicting would not readily accept the explanation that it was pure chance that a large, inadequately secured loan was farmed out when plans began to be made for a public offering of stock and an audit appeared imminent.

Less than five years ago, when Paul Curran was US attorney in New York, I met with him, as an attorney in private practice, to present a defense in a highly publicized "white-collar crime" investigation brewing in the New York area. My client's name had been mentioned repeatedly on the front pages of the *New York Times*, and he was the object of much public calumny. The charges that the US attorney's office wanted to file against him involved allegations of false claims which could not be proved to have been deliberate. Civil litigation or settlement had previously been the usual method for deciding the validity of such claims. I made my presentation to Mr. Curran, arguing that criminal prosecution was not warranted, and I presented reasons very similar, I suspect, to those that Curran found persuasive in the Carter Warehouse situation. The argument got short shrift and my client was soon indicted. Facing enormous lawyers' bills, critical health considerations, and the prospect of a trial before a jury inflamed by the public clamor, he rejected his lawyers' advice that he go to trial, entered a plea, and was sentenced to four months in jail. The scenario is too familiar to criminal practitioners in this country to require recitation of other examples.

The point, of course, is not that Jimmy, Billy, or Lillian Carter should have been indicted by Paul Curran. Nor is it that my publicized client necessarily should have been exonerated. There may well be differences of degree or of kind between the cases that justify placing one on the culpable side of the dividing line and the other on the innocent side. But if such differences exist, they are not easily recognizable.

Paul Curran has done an able and conscientious job. The public report he has issued makes his final judgment appear reasonable, even if debatable. The thinking that led him to that conclusion is buried in his confidential report to the attorney general. His covering letter to the Speaker of the House invites Congress to enact legislation which would make the full report available to the public. It would further public understanding of the process and acceptance of Curran's judgment if that action were taken.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Exploration of a Pole

Permit a small self-quotation. "The slang term 'small-town genius' seems appropriate to Wajda. He has seen a lot of films, is honorably ambitious, and is not untalented, but he lacks taste and originality." That was in a review of Andrezj Wajda's trilogy, *A Generation*, *Kanal*, and *Ashes and Diamonds* in *TNR*, June 12, 1961. This Polish director now has a high international standing: two of his latest films were shown at the recent New York Film Festival, and a third had a special engagement elsewhere. A fourth was shown last winter at the Film Forum. I saw them all, and my present opinion of Wajda grows, but does not differ, from what I thought 18 years ago. Wajda has now, quite evidently, the confidence that comes from extensive experience (he also directs in the theater) and from praise. To me, he is still honorably ambitious, still concerned with art that flourishes out of social tensions; also, he is still maladroit in method and selection, imitative, "unrecognizable" except in his excesses and faults.

Landscape after Battle (1970) is based on *This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen* by Tadeusz Borowski, a taciturn, chilling—can one say "gentle"?—book about Auschwitz and after. For every reticence of Borowski's, Wajda substitutes emphasis: heavy sorrowing, dilation of horrors, camera platitudes, so that all I could think of was Wajda's heart and sleeve. (I know that Wajda fought with the Resistance as a youth. That fact seems to me an especially bitter comment on his work, his inability to transmute such firsthand experience into good art.)

Without Anesthesia (1978) is a metaphoric, perhaps binary, film: the story of the breakup of a 15-year marriage through which we are meant to get a view of the effects of political dissidence in Poland. Much has been said about the film's surprising frankness in its politics, but I've seen at least equivalent frankness in Hungarian and Yugoslavian films. In each case either the trouble is put in the past so that the present government looks benevolent, or else, as in this film, the trouble is so murky that the government risks nothing by being lenient. Politically *Without Anesthesia* doesn't say much more than that one can be in favor or disfavor, arbitrarily: the politics of the protagonist, a journalist-teacher, is not clear. But then neither is the marital split. The wife suddenly departs for a younger man without even leaving her address, and she takes their child with her. Why does she behave in this abrupt and cruel way, to a husband who clearly loves her? We never find out. His death at the end, through the explosion of a faulty stove, has nothing to do with his character, their situation, his politics. It's just a glibly ironic snapper.

But this is the best-directed film of Wajda's that I know. Fairly subtly, many of the scenes of mere dailyness are composed to suggest closure, confinement. And the performances avoid the Wajda vein of broadness; for once his actors draw with fine lines, not with felt pens.

Not so in *The Girls of Wilko* (1979). This is Wajda's "Chekhov" picture, only he gives us five sisters instead of three. A melancholy man, made more so by the death of a close friend, goes to stay with his aunt and uncle at their farm. Nearby is a country house where, since it is summer, the members of a large family are gathered: the five sisters, some of them married. Before the war—it's now 1929—the man had been a frequent visitor to that house and had loved one of the sisters, now dead. (There were six originally.) Now he goes over nostalgically for lunches, teas, parties; cleans up the grave of the dead sister; sleeps with one of the married ones. There is much reminiscence, much sighing, much laughing among the sisters as a signal that they are really sad, much pain bursting through the crevices of routine—all patently derived from Chekhov. Some of Gorky's plays plainly owe their impetus to Chekhov, but though much inferior to their source of inspiration, they are sturdy with Gorky's integrity. In *The Girls of Wilko*, nothing goes deeper than mannerism: it's like a platitudinous director's idea of a Chekhov production applied to an inferior script—sighings and sentimental music. (By the way, would a well-bred Pole drop a cigar in the hallway of a house where he is a guest and squash it with his shoe?)

Again Wajda italicizes tastelessly: his cinematographer, Edward Klosinski, has opened up the lens stop so that the film looks overexposed and "light," and so that halations glimmer around figures. Virtually every frame is labeled Poignant Idyll.

But the worst of the four films is the longest. *Land of Promise* (1974) is a three-hour derivation from a novel translated in 1928 as *The Promised Land*, originally published in 1899. The author is Wladyslaw Reymont, one of those Nobel laureates whose names even literate people don't know. (Read any Karl Gjellerup lately? Or Verner von Heidenstam?) The story chronicles the business-love adventures of three young friends in Lodz in the 1890s—a Polish German, a Polish Jew, and a Polish Pole (if that's the right phrase), the last being the central figure. For negative reasons the picture can't be called anti-Semitic: its treatment of non-

Films Worth Seeing

Apocalypse Now. Gorgeous visual rendering of the first hallucinogenic war, but none of the moral agon it lays claim to.

Breaking Away. Adolescent fantasies and brusque realities, made touching by bright dialogue and performances.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. Irreverently witty. How Brian Cohen, born the same time and place as Jesus Christ, got forced into being a messiah.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan. Some good Washington political stuff, some very good acting, some creaky plotting. A rising senator, his wife, his lady friend.

SK

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Jews is almost equally harsh. The main story has reminders of *Room at the Top* (1958)—a young man so desperate for success that he marries a rich girl whom he doesn't like.

The atmosphere is well-enough evoked, and, so far as one can tell, the generally despicable characters are realistically written. But the performances! The villains leer, the Jewish businessmen drool, the stupid rich girl is like the village idiot in a bad Slavic play. And Wajda's direction seems frantic to impress. Whenever he wants to show a time lapse, he shoves in the belching smokestacks of Lodz. Whenever he goes to a country estate, he gives us shimmering leaves and sentimental music. When a sensual woman dines grandly, he almost shoves us down her gullet to prove her gluttony. When there's trouble in the streets, the camera gets erratically hand-held. When a stone is thrown by workers through a rich man's window, the camera plunks to floor level for a distorted close-up of the stone spinning on the floor—to make sure we know what happened. (Camera distortions are a feature of the film.) It's all the camera equivalent of ham acting.

The only tolerable character is the doting girl whom the adventurer declines to marry. Wajda plunges us into this almost unrelieved swamp of cynicism and greed to show us capitalism naked, I guess; but the result is *un*-naked, swaddled by his mannerisms.

He is often called the preeminent Polish director. Having no extraordinary knowledge of Polish films and admittedly having seen only 11 of Wajda's 23 to date, I nonetheless can think of three Polish films that I prefer to any of those 11: Polanski's *Knife in the Water*, Kawalerowicz's *Mother Joan of the Angels*, and (never released here) Konwicki's *Last Day of Summer*. Compared with them, and certainly compared with the best in the rest of the world, Wajda is far from the first rank, still a well-intentioned, energetically eclectic, somewhat loutish provincial.

Since last week I've had the chance to see again Murnau's *Nosferatu*. Herzog's new version wins over it hands (or claws) down. (The word "Nosferatu," says Lotte Eisner, was the Serbian term for the "undead.") Many of Murnau's images are deep and mysterious, but the picture as a whole now seems skimpy. Herzog's use of the plague-stricken city, of the gypsies and mountain peasants, of the young wife's selfless devotion, is much more telling. And Murnau's cast is simply not in the same league as Herzog's. One reviewer said that Klaus Kinski played Max Schreck, Murnau's Nosferatu, rather than Nosferatu himself. This comment is incomprehensible. Schreck is exactly what Kinski is not—an actor in a get-up, displaying it as ordered by the director. Kinski acts.

Nor is this a prejudice toward sound and color films. By coincidence, last week I also saw again Murnau's *Faust* (1926) and was once more stunned by its authority and beauty. It grows. *Nosferatu* shrinks.

I can't really rebut Jeremy Larner's letter (Correspondence, *TNR*, October 20) in which he protests my mention of *Apocalypse Now* in my list of Films Worth Seeing, particularly after I made so many adverse statements in my review. I can easily imagine myself, in reversed positions, writing the same letter, except that I wouldn't refer to the best things in the picture as "overblown special effects." I simply had to decide whether I had the right to dismiss the purely cinematic accomplishments of Coppola, Storaro, and others, and they seemed to me strong enough in themselves to be worth recommending. It's one of a critic's jobs to discriminate, rather than to categorize; and at the last I didn't—don't—think that recommending the film for specific reasons, while pointing out its major defect, was to convert the Vietnam War into a subject for aesthetic exercise. If *The Triumph of the Will* came along now, would I have the right to dismiss it as filmmaking because of its subject?

Still, I don't think this is a question that can be settled. One keeps as open a mind as possible, and moves empirically. And *Apocalypse Now*, despite its hollow center, has a wild, spectacular terror-fantasy texture that conveys, I believe, what it was like to be a soldier, not just an officer, caught in that nightmare.

Reconsideration.

Camera on James Agee

by Robert Coles

We are months short of a quarter of a century since James Agee slumped dead of a coronary seizure in a New York City taxi on his way to a doctor. He was 45, had been suffering anginal pain for several years. The intensity of his gifted life had already become a legend; and no doubt his obituary prompted some who knew him to shake their heads and lament the waste, or nod knowingly as they asked rhetorically: how could anyone expect to live into old age at his pace? And there were, always, the comments about his work—the failure to follow through as an artist in any of the various directions he took, each with such promise: poet, story writer, essayist, novelist, film scriptwriter.

In his memoir of Agee, at once personally giving and sharply analytical of a particular writer's considerable assets and wounding handicaps, Robert Fitzgerald took pains to question the notion of journalism as a spoiler—and of course, a cover for ruinous mental propensities. "Was it weakness," he asks, "that kept James Agee at *Fortune*, or was it strategy and will, for the sake of the great use he would make of it?" Certainly Agee might have written poems or a novel in the years that he gave to Alabama's tenant farmers—the exalted gropings toward human actuality, and not least, the self-probings and presentations that collectively became *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. But who is to judge what is required of a writer such as Agee?

Especially prominent these days, as Fitzgerald knew, hence the reference to "weakness," is the marriage of psychological reductionism to literary criticism. It is convenient for some of us to be rid of Agee's powerful assault on many social and scholarly conventions by demonstrating his failure to achieve what, in fact, we presume to say he ought to have had in mind for himself. That way, we don't have to look at what he not only did accomplish, but well may have wanted to do with all his mind and soul. As for his "neurotic conflicts," they were unquestionably substantial, persistent, and harmful. But Agee was

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enormously talented, and crafty at finding expressions for the various ideas and visions that pressed upon him. Anna Freud has reminded us that "creative energy" is a "universally envied gift." Envy can work its way into our lives through a certain kind of moralistic psychological scrutiny that confuses a writer's sensibility with his worries or fears—as if the hundreds of people who have worked for Henry Luce, or the millions who have drunk and smoked to excess, have ever been in serious danger of possessing the lyrical and narrative skills that James Agee lived with, drew upon, embodied in the writing left us. And that writing (the magic of his words) is the only reason we read about him and argue over the kind of life he lived.

Now we have a chance to think about Agee while watching a film devoted to his life, his work, his relatively brief but still unforgotten presence among us. Ross Spears is a young filmmaker from Johnson City, Tennessee; his *Agee*, released last spring, makes the documentary camera a powerful instrument of literary biography—a hitherto neglected use of a medium that has not hesitated to connect itself to sociology, contemporary history, politics, and anthropology.

Spears brings us to Agee, initially through Father Flye, the Episcopal minister who was the writer's lifelong older friend and sometime correspondent. Now in his middle 90s, and in ways fragile, Father Flye still has a lively, touching voice. He knew Agee most of his life, loved him; he tells the viewer, right off, that this is a special, difficult man, yet someone with a significant artistic and intellectual struggle to his credit—nowhere more evident than in the vexing, demanding, eye-opening, tortured, immensely rewarding *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*.

We next receive the image and the words of our present-day leader, and we all have a right to be on guard—against not only him, but the filmmaker's purposes. But President Carter knows his Agee, speaks out of his own south Georgia memories of the 1930s, insists that *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* is something more than another exposé of rural poverty, connects the book, quietly and intelligently, to Thoreau's 19th-century scrutiny of Concord's terrain—the sights and sounds of north-central Alabama as a means of moral reflection.

Agee takes many side-swipes (some, arguably, gratuitous and demeaning to his own aspirations) in the course of his execution of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*—including the ironic one he directs at himself when he confronts the reader, in possession of a rather large volume of complicated, arresting prose, with this announcement of failed self-denial: "If I could do it, I'd do no writing at all here." The president of the United States, who may be conned by other individuals and their intentions, gets through exactly to Agee: he is taking huge personal risks in this book, and has every right to whatever emotions happen to confront him, such as the nervous self-criticism of his strong Christian conscience, ever wary of that sin of sins, pride.

Young Agee learned of that sin, became a child of Christian awareness, in east Tennessee, first in Knoxville, where he was born in 1909, and later (from the age of 10) at an Episcopal boarding school, St. Andrews, situated near the Cumberland mountains, a two-hour drive west of Chattanooga. Agee's father was of mountain stock; the name is familiar to Appalachian people, but prompts consternation, as far as pronunciation goes, for many in other parts of the country. Agee described his childhood, its special textures and strains, in the novel *A Death in the Family*, published posthumously. When he was six, his father was killed in an automobile accident; we are shown the newspaper clipping: "Found Dead on Clinton Pike." We are shown a lot more, too: pictures of the gentle, hilly region of the upper South which Agee grew up knowing; an enactment of the middle-class family life he experienced as a child; a further, less charming and nostalgic enactment—the visitation of death upon a mother and child; a glimpse of the St. Andrews School, and a suggestion, through Father Flye's narration, of the lean, unpretentious, humbly reverent religious and educational ministry that to this day obtains there.

Ross Spears is a young filmmaker, and he might have been forgiven for succumbing to the sentimental seductions of Agee's first years, an intensely dramatic third of a life never destined to be without worthy excitements. But these enactments are brief, pointed, instructive, and entirely without melodrama. We meet the child who will appear in *A Death in the Family*, the youth whose moody turmoil, at once religious and personal, figures in the novella *Morning Watch*. We meet, really, what Agee sought to evoke when he wrote

An Agee Sampler

A Letter to the Editors of *The Nation*

Dear Sirs:

In the good old days before pseudo-science and feminism ruined her, it was considered rude to congratulate one's hostess on her meals, since praise would imply that they could have been bad, and by the same rule of courtesy it should be unnecessary to write grateful letters to editors.

Astonishing excellence, however, is the exception, and James Agee's film column seems to this reader, and to many others he has spoken with, just that.

I do not care for movies very much and I rarely see them; further, I am suspicious of criticism as the literary genre which, more than any other, recruits epigones, pedants without insight, intellectuals without love. I am all the more surprised, therefore, to find myself not only reading Mr. Agee before I read anyone else in The Nation *but also consciously looking forward all week to reading him again.*

In my opinion, his column is the most remarkable regular event in American journalism today. What he says is of such profound interest, expressed with such extraordinary wit and felicity, and so transcends its ostensible—to me, rather unimportant—subject, that his articles belong in that very select class—the music critiques of Berlioz and Shaw are the only other members I know—of newspaper work which has permanent literary value.

W. H. Auden
October 16, 1944

* * *

It Happened in Brooklyn *features Frank Sinatra, whom I like, Jimmy Durante, in comparison with whom I would, I am sure, find the millennium a rather chilly formal dance, and a great many affectionate japes about Brooklyn, which I could be much happier without.*

* * *

John Ford's The Fugitive *is a solidly pro-Catholic picture about a priest, a creeping Jesus. My feelings about the Catholic church are, to put it mildly, more mixed than Mr. Ford's; I doubt that Jesus ever crept, and I am sickened when I watch others creep in His name; I dislike allegory and symbolism which are imposed on and denature reality as deeply as I love both when they bloom from and exalt reality; and romantic photography is the kind I care for least. Over all, I think* The

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Fugitive is a bad work of art, tacky, unreal, and pretentious. Yet I think almost as highly of it as of the films mentioned above, because I have seldom seen in a moving picture such grandeur and sobriety of ambition, such continuous intensity of treatment, or such frequent achievement of what was obviously worked for, however distasteful or misguided I think it.

* * *

Frankly, I doubt I am qualified to arrive at any sensible assessment of Miss Elizabeth Taylor. Ever since I first saw the child, two or three years ago, in I forget what minor role in what movie, I have been choked with the peculiar sort of adoration I might have felt if we were both in the same grade of primary school. I feel I am obligated to this unpleasant unveiling because it is now my duty to review her, in National Velvet, *in her first major role.*

So far as I see on an exceedingly cloudy day, I wouldn't say she is particularly gifted as an actress. She seems, rather, to turn things off and on, much as she is told, with perhaps a fair amount of natural grace and of a natural-born female's sleepwalking sort of guile, but without much, if any, of an artist's intuition, perception, or resource. She strikes me, however, if I may resort to conservative statement, as being rapturously beautiful.

Of the movies I have seen lately the one I like best was To Have and Have Not. *It has so little to do with Ernest Hemingway's novel that I see no point in discussing its "faithfulness"; it is, rather, a sort of call-house version of* Going My Way. *It is not, I scuttle to explain, an upstairs story about priests. But like the better film it gets along on a mere thin excuse for a story, takes its time without trying to brag about its budget or to reel up footage for footage's sake, is an unusually happy exhibition of teamwork, and concentrates on character and atmosphere rather than plot. The best of the picture has no plot at all, but is a leisurely series of mating duels between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and the very entertaining, nervy, adolescent new blonde, Lauren Bacall.*

* * *

To put it unkindly, the only thing wrong with screen comedy today is that it takes place on a screen which talks. Because it talks, the only comedians who ever mastered the screen cannot work, for they cannot combine their comic style with talk. Because there is a screen, talking comedians are trapped into a continual exhibition of their inadequacy as screen comedians on a surface as big as the side of a barn.

(from Agee on Film *© 1958 by The James Agee Trust.)*

"Knoxville: Summer 1915"—an earlier America that one American writer never shook off, not after a couple of years at Phillips Exeter, and not after four years at Harvard, or even two decades in and out of midtown Manhattan, Greenwich Village, Hollywood. An America with a climate of moral earnestness and social innocence, qualities hard to come by these days, anywhere in the nation, though in certain Appalachian villages, as Mr. Spear knows, one can skip back a good distance in time and feel culturally, spiritually close to the young Agee's kin. A marvelously rich, mellow, ever so delicately accented voice, that of Earl McCarroll, reads to us from Agee during this visual acquaintance with Agee's background. No didactic burdens are put upon us, but we grow thoroughly alert to the world a particular writer mined so stubbornly and ingeniously, if at great personal cost.

Agee's life and work, so difficult to separate, anyway, lend themselves very well to spoken commentary, and we get plenty of it in this 90-minute film. Jimmy Carter and the acted vignettes, done in color, give way to skillfully edited and assembled black-and-white statements from the television producer, Robert Saudek, Agee's college roommate; from the poet and translator, Robert Fitzgerald, also a friend acquired in Agee's college years; from the critic, Dwight MacDonald. And Agee's three wives tell us of their respective times with him—each with obvious affection, each with her own subdued suggestion of the difficulties this feverish, sometimes ungovernable man posed for those close to him. The film orders a disorderly life—one, at times, seemingly made to defy any number of psychological and cultural categorizations.

Olivia, Alma, and Mia are the wives, and one worries at first that these women will get lost in the winding, twisting pathways of a man's emotions, a man's writing, a man's rainbow of interests, involvements. But a strange chemistry affects these human beings. Each holds on to herself; and more, each claims sure yet tactful possession of a certain element of Agee's almost boundless psychological complexity. Olivia's outgoing innocence, her perplexity in the face of the shadowy, the demonic; Alma's poise, her sharpness of intellect, her compassionate integrity; Mia's worldliness, her intensity of

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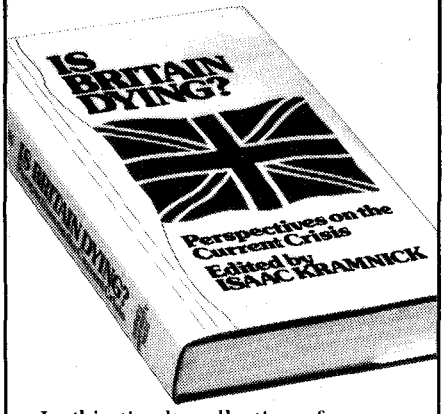

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observation, her mixture of openness, emotional immediacy, and skeptical distance—these are not the residual traits of extortionate sexual and personal associations. Three women speak lovingly, but differently, about a man who, as with so many of us, was a different man at different times in his life; and even, no doubt, at any given moment had different sides of himself to share with one or another individual. These women show what *they* were.

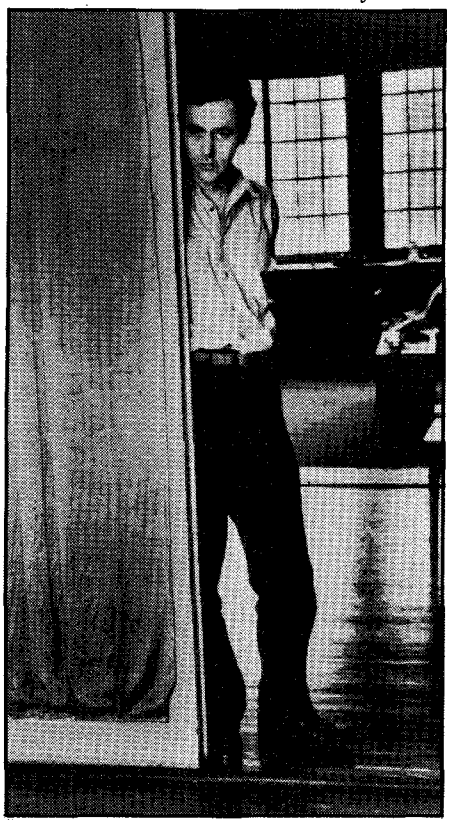

photo of James Agee by Helen Levitt.

They lent of themselves to Agee, but alas, we are not going to hear about them in one of the best ways possible—that is, from him.

With Agee's friends, the men he worked with, drank with, talked and talked and talked with, a similar, compelling, edifying diversity comes across: Saudek's dramatic eye, quick to notice someone's force of personality—a presence alternately enchanting and saddening; Fitzgerald's wonderfully knowing and precise eloquence about a dear comrade in the never-ending struggle with words; MacDonald's urbane, shrewd, broadly educated critical intelligence, missing few tricks but tolerant of this life's unyielding mysteries; John Huston's warm yet tough estimate of a brilliant, irregular companion in the jungle trek of movie-making; Walker Evans's brief but pointed distinction between his chosen task as a somewhat austere observer and Agee's deep dive into the currents of subjectivity; and yet again in the film, the kind and alert Father Flye, *there*—as Agee, even in his most doubtful and fearful moments, must have hoped and prayed an almighty God would prove to be. These women and men seem drawn together, seem to be addressing each other—the outcome of a skillful use of documentary film footage. We hear a solemn yet lively conversation about a writer's achievements and failures: a friend's, a husband's, a colleague's continuing contact with us of this world through retained and now (the point of the film) declared, shared memories.

An important contribution, worthy of Agee's own best journalistic instincts, is quietly worked into this running exegesis: Alabama country people, survivors of the fearful, desperate 1930s—two women who were, in fact, hosts in July 1936 to a young photographer and a writer on their *Fortune* magazine assignment. They are presented to us (under "Persons and Places") in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* as Margaret Ricketts, "aged twenty," and Annie Mae (Woods) Gudger, "aged twenty-seven"; and now, 43 years later, they are introduced as Elizabeth Tingle and Mae Burroughs, who remember the two guests from far away—their "northern talk," their earnest friendliness, their humor, their persistent desire to experience, to understand. The rural women remember "mixing" with Agee; remember his eyes: "He watched, he watched." Mae Burroughs says that she "hated to see them go," that she and others "got attached to them." The camera moves from color shots of two elderly Alabama citizens, and color footage of a landscape that has not changed all that much these past years, to Robert Fitzgerald's brief reminder: "Jim Agee was a Christian"; he had gone South to try to be with "the least of the Lord's people."

The side of Agee connected to the Bible, to the Old Testament prophets, and to Jesus and His disciples, knew the special fate reserved for the poor, "the least," by God. The secular side of Agee, the New York intellectual he was, despite the contempt he felt for the collective breed, could only be hurt, discouraged, enraged by the evidence all around Bibb and Perry and Hale Counties, Alabama (and elsewhere in America) of hunger, malnutrition, flagrant inequality. Hence one of the persisting tensions in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*: the tenant farmers as ironically awesome figures, noble by

ENTRY

Today I did nothing.
I got up, ran a few miles,
took note of the dead squirrels
and leaves on the birches
turning disgracefully yellow
in August. Then I sat on my hands,
rested my exhausted body,
watched the weeds through the window.

I'm not proud of this,
I'm not proud of anything.
Like the man who bought too much
at the market, I want to take
everything back. The hours
without solitude, the moments of kindness,
they come to so much change in the pockets.

It's a cold summer night: more stars
than sky. I can think clearly tonight.
I light a cigarette and sit back
in my chair, wondering where
is there left to advance?
I run my hands through my hair
and watch the circular moon
pull itself out of the earth.
Just like yesterday, and the day before,
only it pales in its diminishment,
the apple devoured a sliver at a time.

Ira Sadoff

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virtue of a divine choice; and the same men, women, and children as the humiliated ones of this earth—objects, for all too many, of easy, privileged pity. Agee knew the ethical torment of sensitive social observers: they come, leave, cover themselves with the glory of written or photographic compassion; those visited stay, and soon enough fade into obscurity. True, muckraking can facilitate social or political change. Nevertheless.

The last part of the film *Agee* is devoted to his short, luminous, still influential career as a reviewer, scriptwriter, even (once) bit actor. He is starting a new life for himself, yet (we know) there is little time left. John Huston gives a chilling account of Agee writing all night, writing more by day, playing tennis, drinking, and smoking—and then boom: the coronary vessels at last say no. We see Agee as the town drunk in *The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky*, one of the films for which he wrote the script, and originally a Stephen Crane short story. We listen to readings of his penetrating remarks about various movies. We watch an excerpt from another of his creations, *The African Queen*—the wonderful moment when Hepburn empties bottle after bottle of Bogart's gin. We are given Agee sitting beside a friend and hero of sorts to him, Chaplin. And we learn of his last months—frequent chest pain and a losing battle with abstinence (cigarettes, liquor). A paper clipping tells of his death, on May 16, 1955, the same day (39 years later) his father died, both in cars.

A man who saw, early on, the special province of the camera, and did his fair share to connect the world of ideas to that of celluloid, has inspired a thoughtful, imaginative response from a young filmmaker, and a Tennesseean at that. The voices, the soundtrack full of Beethoven, so loved by Agee, the quiet visual procession supplying witness and analysis of him, affection for him—it all amounts to a fine tribute to a hectic, pained, buoyant, decent, exceptionally radiant life, which, in its limited tenure, managed to offer us songs of real distinction and power. A moment of sentiment would permit us to imagine that somewhere in the universe the smile of James Agee, so large and winning, covering up bravely some of a given destiny's heartache, must surely be registering its pleased reaction to a particular message from one of us still on this side of things.

The Generation of 1914
by Robert Wohl

(Harvard; $17.50)

A specter is haunting the Western world—not of communism or revolution, but of youth. Karl Marx may be a fine prophet for underdeveloped countries, but by now we can see that in the advanced industrial countries of the West the younger generation has captured the imagination as his proletariat never did. Pushed by business in an effort to sell fashions, films, records, roller skates, and Club Med vacation packages, the new emphasis on youth marks a profound shift in social relations from that now almost prehistoric period when age was honored as a repository of wisdom.

One of the many virtues of this brilliant study is that it manages to illuminate this important historical shift better than the whole mouldering shelfload of books on the generation gap. Not that Robert Wohl's purpose is to explore that once fashionable topic. This is a work of broad and impeccable scholarship that focuses on Europe in the first third of the century. Succinct, lucid, and superbly written, it is the best history to deal with the problem of generations.

The "generation of 1914" has a special place in our hearts. It begins with those poignant newsreel images "of students packing off to war with flowers in their rifles and patriotic songs on their lips, too young, too innocent to suspect what bloody rites of passage await them." Always it appears to us as "missing, sacrificed, decimated and destroyed" for what Ezra Pound called "an old bitch gone in the teeth, for a botched civilization." Gertrude Stein called its members "lost" and the tag stuck. Hemingway's impotent Jake Barnes became one of its enduring symbols. Veterans of the war carried its lessons on into peacetime. They fueled the art movements of the 1920s, especially those that proclaimed that meaning lay only in the meaningless, rationality only in the irrational. They marched in the political movements of left and right, those that found individualism only in the mass and ideas only in action. Not even the comfort of sacrifice was theirs. All the lives given, limbs shot away, and psyches warped did nothing to stop the coming of another war, bigger and more devastating to European civilization.

photo from Imperial War Museum

Our view of this generation as doomed and damned makes its members, as Wohl puts it, "hover strangely like the shades of dead soldiers, in a no-man's-land between literature and legend." In attempting to recapture them for history, the author must grapple with a larger theoretical issue: what is a generation? The result is a work that weaves together both a narrative of the war generation's experiences and an analysis of the concept of generations as undertaken by artists and intellectuals in France, Germany, England, Italy, and Spain.

Combining collective biography with intellectual history is a shrewd strategy. It means that generational theories are

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not simply pitted against one another but tested against the reality they purport to explain. Wohl never forgets that ideas are shaped by experience as well as by other ideas. His talent for incisive portraiture is remarkable and his subjects—there are no heroes or villains here—are diverse, some well known, some relatively obscure, all interesting. By the time one has felt the era through the lives of men like Ernest Psichari, Alain Fournier, Henry de Motherlant, Pierre Drieu de la Rochelle, Walter Flex, Ernst Jünger, Rupert Brooke, Siegfried Sassoon, Wilfred Owen, T. E. Lawrence, Giovannia Papini, Giuseppi Prezzolini, Benito Mussolini, Adolfo Omodeo, and Antonio Gramsci, the "generation of 1914" has moved from the realm of airy abstraction to that of concrete experience.

The best history does not simply let us see through myths; it shows how myths are used. This is the case here. Wohl clearly demonstrates that for all the romanticizing and theorizing about the "generation of 1914" in the interwar years, and for all the analysis of its impact in the political arena, the generation as some kind of coherent entity is in fact a myth. It is true that millions of Europeans shared the trauma of war, but they never shared a single mind-set toward the conflict, nor toward the civilization it smashed, nor the one that issued from it.

The differences among them were not only national. Each country gave birth to at least three war generations. The varied experiences of those who had careers under way before 1914, those who went directly from school to the battlefields, and those who missed the conflict were sharply reflected in subsequent literary and political attitudes. Another obvious split was between those who could articulate the attractions and horrors of battle—poets, novelists, artists, intellectuals—and the great majority who suffered in silence. Instead of being a mass phenomenon, the "generation of 1914" was basically a literary conception, a

> *self-image produced by a clearly defined group within the educated classes. . . . It was both an attempt at self-description by intellectuals and a project of hegemony over other social classes that derived its force from circumstances that were unique to European men born during the last two decades of the nineteenth century.*

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18th-century belief that the future could be better than the present had been reinforced by revolutions which suggested that young people alone could lead the way to a better social order. In the worlds of politics and culture a struggle against the older generation escalated in "rhetorical violence" as the 19th century progressed. At the same time the growth of widespread participation in politics, education, and the military helped to weaken traditional forms of social identification and parental authority. The notion of youth as a separate social group, with its own identity, "was one of the side effects of the coming of mass society." And generational consciousness became, as Wohl argues, "like the concept of class, a form of collectivism and determinism, but one that emphasized temporal rather than socioeconomic location."

By the early 20th century this consciousness was widespread. In the decade before the outbreak of war, literary men in France, members of the Youth Movement in Germany, poets in England, and social critics in Italy and Spain were partisans of an avant garde culture that denounced the world of their fathers—the bourgeois state, liberalism, the scientific method, reason itself. A desire to do away with the commercial values of their elders and to reintroduce passion and faith into life led to a notion that the nation might be redeemed through collective, spiritual effort. These attitudes help explain why the outbreak of war could be greeted with such enthusiasm. It seemed "an hour of redemption, a rite of purification" that promised "deliverance from the languor of bourgeois complacency."

War itself was an ambiguous experience. For all the horror, brutalization, and loss of sensitivity that trench life brought, it also provided a rare opportunity for young intellectuals to submerge their egos in a large, national undertaking, to savor the pleasure of comradeship with a broader spectrum of humanity than they normally encountered. Mutual suffering promoted generational thinking, for the conflict created an impassable chasm between combatants and those who remained civilians. It also encouraged the belief that what Ortega y Gasset called "a new reality"—a world with fewer class barriers, less personal selfishness, and more harmony among nations—would issue from the war. Supposedly this change would be fueled by the energies of those who had been purified on the battlefields.

Peace brought disillusionment, for in the European states it was back to business as usual, with the older generation still in control. Yet the idea of a generational coalition was exploited by a number of political movements. Mussolini made the younger generation the cornerstone of fascism, the Bolsheviks used the notion to undermine the leadership of European socialism, the partisans of appeasement in England presented themselves as the heirs to the trench fighters, even the senescent Vichy government deployed the idea to win support.

Generational theorizing also flourished. Men like Ortega, Karl Mannheim, Jean Luchaire, and E. Günther Gründel struggled to define a program of generational destiny. Like the prewar poets and critics, they were men of an elite class, who feared both soulless capitalism and Marxist collectivism. To them youth represented a new politics, a

Toward August 1914

'I came to see the First World War, as I think many reasonably thoughtful people have learned to see it, as the great seminal catastrophe of this century,' George F. Kennan writes in his introduction to The Decline of Bismarck's European Order: Franco-Russian Relations, 1875-1890, *to be published this month by Princeton University Press. In this study—'a species of what might be called micro-history'—Kennan examines the origins of the Franco-Russian alliance of 1894, which brought about the fall of the Bismarckian system of the 1870s and 1880s. This alliance, he maintains, unwittingly prepared the way for 'the fateful situation of 1914.' What follows is the concluding section of the book.*

It could well be argued that the Bismarckian status quo of the 1870s and 1880s was better, despite its flaws, than the disasters that flowed, as Bismarck clearly saw they would, from its breakup. The isolation of France did not prevent the complete autonomy of her political life, nor a great flowering of French culture, nor impressive economic and social advances. The situation of the Alsace-Lorrainers was only politically, not physically, uncomfortable; and a longer patience might well have seen the Germans advance to a more mature understanding of the problems of the association of these provinces with the Reich. The Austro-Hungarian Empire still looks better, as a solution to the tangled problems of that part of the world, than anything that has succeeded it. And no real pain was caused to Russia—quite the contrary—by her inability to dominate several Balkan countries or her failure to acquire bases at the Straits. None of the fruits of the breakup of this status quo could possibly make good, furthermore, for any of the peoples involved, the sacrifice of some eight million of Europe's best sons on the altar of sentimental nationalism during the long years of agony known as the First World War. But none of this was visible (with very rare exceptions) to the statesmen of the time, or to the journalists and others who provided the critical reaction to their decisions. And the reason why it was not visible is one that deserves special mention, as the final reflection induced by this account.

No one who, in the aftermath of the two world wars of the 20th century, has pursued the evolution of European diplomacy over the two decades treated in this volume can have failed to be struck by the wide currency at that time of the impression that further wars among European powers were inevitable, and by the lightheartedness with which people contemplated this prospect. People appear to have viewed war solely as a possible *instrument* of national policy, advantageous or deleterious only insofar as it was successful or unsuccessful. There was no suggestion of an understanding that war, as an exercise for highly industrialized societies in the modern age, would have subjective as well as objective consequences, quite aside from its ostensible military outcome, that is, aside from the question of military victory or defeat. It was not understood that there could be genetic losses of such seriousness that they could not be made good by any conceivable fruits of victory—impermanent, shifting, steadily yielding to the sands of time, as all these fruits were bound to be. It was not understood that the anguish of modern war could weaken even the

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ostensibly victorious society, breaking the rhythm of the generations, loosening social bonds, brutalizing sensibilities, sowing sadness, bewilderment, and skepticism where once the opposites of those qualities had prevailed, laying the groundwork for even greater emotional instability and extremisms in future years, as maimed generations grew to maturity. It was not understood, in other words, that all-out war between great industrialized nations in the modern age had become a senseless undertaking, a self-destructive exercise, a game at which no one could really win, and therefore no longer a suitable instrument of national policy.

The reason why these things were not understood was, of course, the survival into those decades of the romantic-chivalric concept of military conflict: the notion that whether you won or lost depended only on your bravery, your determination, your sense of righteousness, and your skill. In this view, warfare became a test of young manhood, a demonstration of courage and virility, a proving-ground for virtue, for love of country, for national quality. It was not understood that changes were taking place, even then, in the technology of warfare which would come close to eliminating whatever reality these concepts had ever had—that forms of butchery were in process of development before which such things as individual valor and patriotic inspiration would have very little meaning. The common soldier of the future First World War might endure with great stoicism his wretched existence in the muddy trenches, he might be brave as a lion, and delirious with patriotic fervor; these qualities would do him no good under a direct hit by enemy artillery, nor could they save him if he was ordered to try to attack through barbed-wire entanglements under enemy machine-gun fire. And meanwhile, so long as he remained alive, things were being done to him, psychologically, and to the society he conceived himself to be defending, which were in any case depriving his sacrifice of a great deal of its meaning.

The people who influenced decisions in those decades—the statesmen, journalists, parliamentarians, and generals—had more reason than we have today to be oblivious to these realities, but insufficient reason for ignoring them entirely. The Crimean War and the American Civil War, not to mention the Russo-Turkish War, had all revealed situations which should have given pause for thought to even the most sanguine military chauvinist of subsequent years. (Before the fateful dividing point of 1914 was to be reached, there would be other, and even more eloquent, demonstrations of this nature, particularly in the war between Russia and Japan at the outset of this century.) That such lessons were not more frequently and generally perceived than was the case in the 1880s must be attributed in part to the euphoria of nationalism. Today, in the face of the abundant weapons of mass destruction, when war between great nations has become not only suicidal with relation to themselves but apocalyptically destructive even with relation to millions of innocent bystanders, and to the entire civilization of which they form a part, there is no excuse for denying them recognition.

George F. Kennan

George F. Kennan, former ambassador to the Soviet Union, is now professor emeritus at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton.

potential "force that might rescue Europe from the sterile conflict between the parties of the bourgeoisie and the movements of the proletariat." Success in promoting such a strategy eluded them because ultimately "social and geographical location" remained more important than age in determining behavior. Veterans of the war included Communists, Socialists, liberals, conservatives, nationalists, Fascists, and men of no discernible politics whatsoever. The idea of a unified "generation of 1914" was no more than a myth.

So was that of a "lost" generation. True, casualties were high, especially among young officers, and a goodly number of artists and intellectuals died in the conflict. But the idea of a wasted generation was largely a convenient rationalization. Educated Europeans born between 1880 and 1900 had to oversee "the transition from an elitist to a mass and bureaucratic society" and

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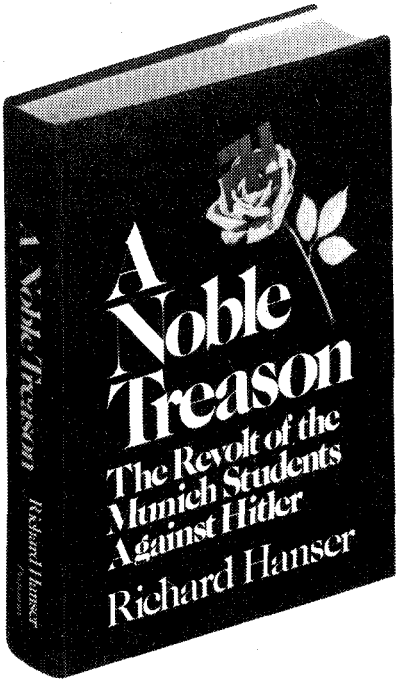

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adjust "to the relative shrinkage of the power of both their own nation in particular and Europe in general." War speeded the process and led them to speak of a generation which, had it not been decimated in the trenches, would have miraculously stemmed this decline. This is especially clear in the case of England, where an elite brought into the world with imperial "fantasies of power and greatness" was forced to preside over the dissolution of empire.

If the "generation of 1914" was a myth, the generational thinking it encouraged ultimately "proved inadequate when used as a conceptual device." The notion of a "generation"—a "strange mixture of idealism and biological determinism"—obscured rather than illuminated "the major movements of the period." Yet generationalism does cling to life. If it is true that, as Wohl argues, "the attitudes of an age-group, no matter how delimited, can never be reduced to a single idea, principle or theme," it is also true that less than a decade ago generational determinism was a commonplace of radical movements in both the United States and Europe, and today the energies and taste of youth help to define the good life for us all.

While those who fervently argued that "you can't trust anyone over thirty" have now passed that dividing line themselves, it seems certain that, given the continuing stress between the demands of a bureaucratized social order and the recurrent psychobiological urges of young people toward simplicity, purity, and passion, a similar cry will arise again. Those who have read *The Generation of 1914* will be able to see the demand in deep perspective. Robert Wohl has shown how the attempt to escape one ideology—that of material progress, the bourgeois state, and scientific objectivity—can leave us trapped in another which is equally mystifying.

Robert A. Rosenstone

Robert A. Rosenstone, professor of history at the California Institute of Technology, is author of *Romantic Revolutionary: A Biography of John Reed* (Knopf).

Clover
by Otto Friedrich

(Simon & Schuster; $12.95)

"All one has ever cared about have been a few women," Henry Adams wrote near the end of his life, "and they have mattered more than falling empires." Since his famous *Education*, the "autobiography" most associated with him, has not a word about his marriage, does not even list the name of his wife Marian, the many people who have been drawn into Adams's life by admiring the *Education* naturally wonder why Marian is left out.

The fact that Marian died by her own hand in 1885, aged 42, after 13 years of a very close if perhaps not entirely blissful marriage, may seem to explain Adams's silence. In fact he was anything but silent. The *Education* was privately published in 1907 for a hundred "friends" who knew about Marian's tragic end. The chapter "Twenty Years After" refers to the 20 years after her death. There Adams describes commissioning the sculptor to carve the now-famous figure over Marian's grave in Washington's Rock Creek Cemetery. From the day this enormous and starkly dramatic figure of a hooded woman (not Marian)—it expresses Adam's idea of Oriental submission to fate—was set over the "unnamed" grave (Adams had Stanford White design an elaborate marble bench for visitors), Marian got replaced by the "figure" and the "figure" became a Washington feature. Foreign visitors were always being dragged to see it; John Galsworthy allowed that it was the most satisfying sight in America. Adams argued with President Theodore Roosevelt about its "meaning." The figure was so celebrated in Adams's lifetime that in the *Education* he gleefully describes himself visiting it incognito to enjoy the reproaches of the pious shocked by its denial of immortality and Civil War veterans who thought that the money that went into it might better have been spent on drink.

Obviously the death of Marian Hooper Adams and her famous husband's spectacular way of mourning her invite our interest. Otto Friedrich's fine book (my one complaint will appear in due course) will make her case even better known. "Clover," as she was known from childhood, is anything but a made-up dissertation subject to anyone who knows how much in life she provoked and how much in death she dominated the mind behind the *Education* and *Mont St-Michel and Chartres*. She was not only a famous witty and caustic observer of upper-class manners in

Marian at age 26. Photo from *Clover*.

England and power politics in Washington, but with her husband became in Washington a positive institution. They lived off Lafayette Park right across from the White House, and invariably snubbed the hapless occupant of it. Her old friend Henry James called her "a Voltaire in petticoats." He was so amused by the snootiness of the Adamses and their altogether exclusive salon that in his satiric story "Pandora" it finally strikes "Mr. Bonnycastle" at the end of the season that "for Washington their society was really a little too good." He says to his wife: "Hang it, there's only a month left; let us be vulgar and have some fun—let us invite the President."

Long before Henry James attained his last heavy manner, Marian said of his fiction: "It isn't that he bites off more than he can chaw, but that he chaws more than he bites off." Her wit went hand in hand with a depressed sense of

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family tragedy; her poet mother, Ellen Sturgis Hooper, died when Clover was five. Every Sunday she was away from him during the 13 years of her marriage, she wrote her father, a wealthy retired Boston oculist, a full, gossipy account of her social doings. Her letters, published in 1936, are an indispensable record of how one acidly superior couple in Washington during the Gilded Age felt

Saint-Gaudens's sculpture in Rock Creek Cemetery.

about the "kind of people" who had replaced their Adamses—and Lincolns.

She was to die on a Sunday morning, soon after her father's death, by swallowing the potassium cyanide that as a zealous photographer she kept on hand for developing her pictures.

Marian's mother was a Sturgis, a great merchant clan who opened the China trade; her father was a Hooper, descendant of the "sea kings" of Marblehead; her husband was an Adams, descendant of two presidents of the United States, a founder of the history seminar at Harvard, and eventually to prove the largest and most amibitious historical imagination this country has produced; her brother Edward was treasurer of Harvard; her brother-in-law Ephraim Whitney Gurney was dean of Harvard and a force behind its modernization under Eliot. But who and what was *Marian*? She was, as Henry said rather too often before and after marriage, not beautiful, but a privately and self-educated young woman with too much famous family on every side of her. She plainly had never recovered from the early loss of her remarkable mother. Henry portrayed her anxieties in the heroines of his two anonymously published novels, *Democracy* and *Esther*.

Marian and Adams seemed inseparable, and clearly shared the same tastes. They were childless. They knew "everyone," went everywhere, and were quite rich. Does the fact that her sister Ellen and her brother Edward (after each of them lost a spouse) were also to take their lives relieve us from speculating on Henry Adams's relation to his wife's death? Is it not sufficient to say what is clearly a fact, that Marian could not abide the loss of a father who had been father and mother? That she felt herself to be more daughter than wife?

We really know nothing beyond that—if even *that* is something that we can claim to "know." Friedrich is excellent on the specific disability of upper-class American ladies who with all their intelligence, learning, wit, and family pride would have thought it improper to fight their illnesses back. (The number of famous woman invalids in the 19th century is enough to make you take to your bed with a "sick headache.") Friedrich also describes very well the extraordinary public coldness and hardness of Henry Adams. Adams's great friend Elizabeth Cameron, wife of a dull Pennsylvania senator, said to Henry's even nastier brother Charles Francis Jr. that Adamses were all so terrifying that they must be terrified themselves. Still, Henry Adams *was* a genius. When the *Education*, on Adams's death in 1918, was at last released to the public, he was able to convince us (I think quite properly) that his "failure" in life was a judgment on American capitalism.

Clover is a good book, excellently researched, and Friedrich has even discovered a long withheld family archive that reveals Marian's young self. His narrative style is sharp without being glib, and since he is himself a Harvard man and the son of a distinguished German-born Harvard scholar, one enjoys his cattiness about "inside" Harvard and Boston-Cambridge society. The only magazinish and once-over-easy fault of the book is the failure to weigh the effect on Marian of Henry Adams's belief that if power after the Civil War had gone to the knaves, his political powerlessness was an expression of relentless forces in history. Power in society, power in technology, power in human character was the obsession of this diminutive man who longed to express the growing sub-

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missiveness of mankind to technical forces in a new historical-scientific language that would be *his* power. Adams's great dream was to be one of the 19th century's master thinkers—and so direct the destiny of the 20th. Since so much of our idea of America since the Civil War comes from the ruling images of historical nemesis in the *Education*, he may have succeeded. No other American historian has had his continuing influence outside the academy.

Henry Adams could be quite a terrible little man; Marian's death turned him into one of the most frightening haters in our intellectual history. But he was the most gifted of all the Adamses after his grandfather John Quincy; he was relentlessly a philosophic historian as well as a literary virtuoso. One of the many questions about Marian that will never be answered is: how much was his wife, who was always with him and assisted in his researches, affected by the determinism that transformed this idealist into a ferocious mechanist? How much did Marian owe her failure to "fight back" to Henry Adams's *ideas*? Why do we see all possible motives in psychology but never in the innate ideas that are somehow as much our personality as anything else is? The husband insisted that a society is powerless to control its fate. The wife may have inferred that a woman is even more so.

Alfred Kazin

Alfred Kazin's most recent book is *New York Jew* (Knopf).

The Man Who Kept the Secrets: Richard Helms and the CIA by Thomas Powers

(Knopf; $12.95)

In his 26 years in the CIA, Richard M. Helms was a busy fellow. It was Helms who personally proposed MKULTRA, the CIA's notorious program of mind-control and drug testing, which led, among other things, to the death of Dr. Frank Olson, a civilian employee of the Army. When the CIA finally suspended the program 10 years later in 1963—not for moral considerations, but in fear that the secret experiments might become known—it was Helms who kept pushing for renewed testing of drugs on unsuspecting people. The agency had been administering LSD to American citizens who were lured out of bars by prostitutes in New York and San Francisco. Helms argued that the people drugged by the CIA must be "unwitting" or the results would be unreliable, creating only a "false sense of accomplishment."

Helms was, of course, deeply involved in the CIA's assassination plots. As the deputy director for Plans (now Operations), he was personally in charge of the effort in 1962 to hire the Mafia to poison Fidel Castro. A hazardous business: in 1976, the mobster in question, Johnny Rosselli, was found dead, stuffed inside a 55-gallon oil drum floating in the ocean near Miami. Helms approved the transfer of sniper rifles to the Dominicans plotting to kill Trujillo. He helped arrange for the CIA to open first class mail for 20 years in violation of the laws of the United States. He spied on American students for presidents Johnson and Nixon, delivering one report to Henry Kissinger with an explicit warning that it was "extremely sensitive," since the CIA had no legal authority to prepare it.

He presided over Operation CHAOS, the CIA's illegal program of domestic spying on the antiwar movement, which collected 300,000 names in its files in the CIA basement. He helped the Nixon White House smear Daniel Ellsberg by ordering the CIA's chief headshrinker to prepare a psychological profile on the man who leaked the Pentagon Papers. He authorized the agency to provide Howard Hunt with technical assistance, including his famous red wig, then ordered the CIA to cover up its help to Nixon's Plumbers when the government's prosecutors were investigating Watergate. Until the potato became too hot to handle, he complaisantly assisted Richard Nixon in covering up the Watergate burglary itself. He ordered the CIA's drug-testing files destroyed and destroyed his own files during Watergate. He tried to block Salvador Allende's election as president of Chile, later followed Nixon's secret orders to try to overthrow him, and then lied about it to the United States Senate. For this he was convicted, fined $2000, and sentenced to two years in jail. (The prison sentence was suspended.) And he agreed with the observation of his distinguished mouthpiece, Edward Bennett Williams, that he would bear the conviction as "a badge of honor."

A man who was able to accomplish this much can't be all bad, and Thomas Powers had doggedly set out to find his good side. It is an effort that evokes the little girl who, given a pile of manure for Christmas, cheerfully digs in, exclaiming, "There must be a pony in here somewhere."

Alas, it is a task foredoomed to failure, and Powers, a reporter of not inconsiderable talents, soon finds himself mired down and hip-deep, trying valiantly to interpret the distorted images in the fun house mirrors of the CIA. Along the way, he discovers some previously hidden passageways, some new anecdotes, and some fresh perspectives on old tales. But the pony eludes him. It was never there.

It was not a bad idea to begin with, to tell the story of the CIA since World War II by tracing the career of the senior clandestine official with the longest record for survival, Richard Helms. But somewhere along the line, Powers became enamored of his subject, and the result is a book that is defensive, semi-adulatory (as its title suggests), and often querulous in tone.

It is easy to see how this occurred. Richard Helms is a man of marked personal charm. It was not by acting the curmudgeon that he cultivated a wide circle of influential friends within the press corps in Washington, in the foreign policy establishment, and among the most powerful grandees on Capitol Hill. These friends put a great deal of pressure on Griffin Bell to keep their friend Dick out of the slammer, where Bell had no stomach for sending him in the first place.

In researching this book, Powers talked at length with Helms, who devoted "four long mornings" to interviews. And he talked to everybody else, or almost everybody, including a heavy sprinkling of the patrician Old Boys who were rewarded for their loyal years of clandestine service by being forced to walk the plank by Admiral Turner, who

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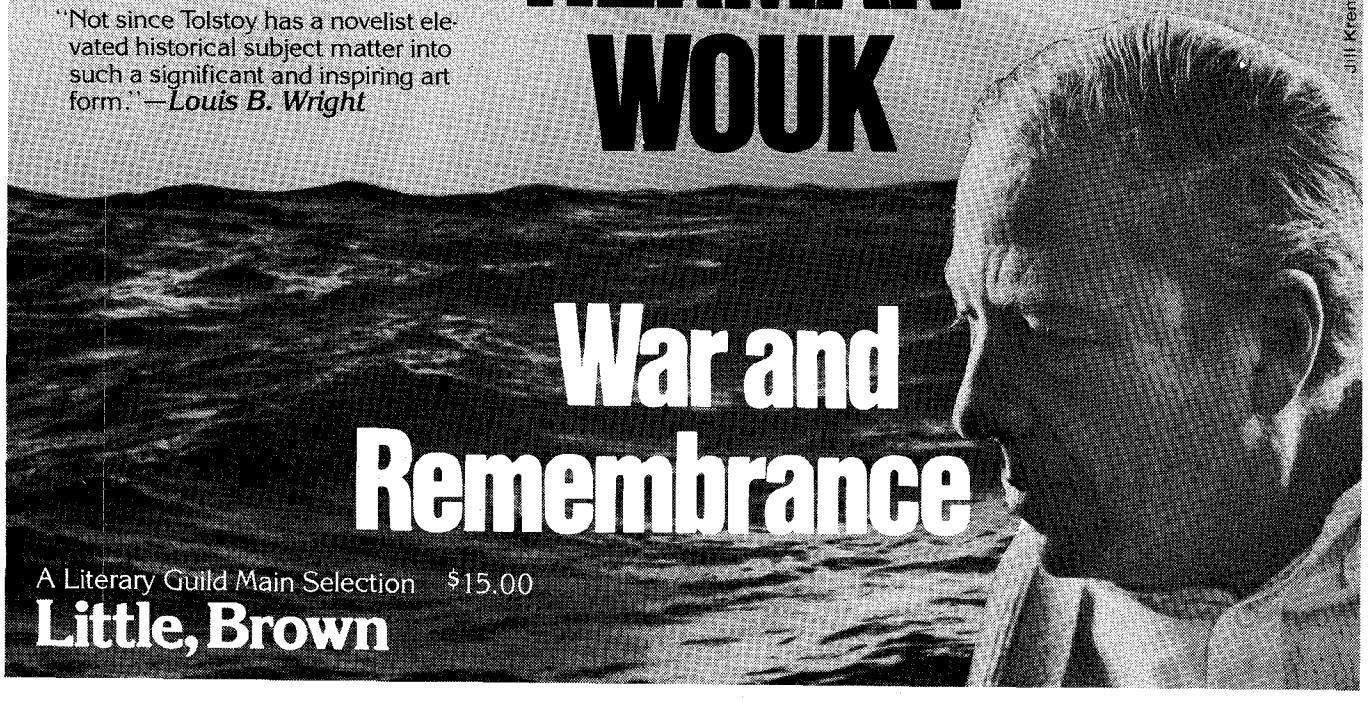

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had, unfortunately, gone to Annapolis instead of Groton. He talked to Johnny Bross, and Richard Bissell, and Frank Lindsay, and Tom Parrott, and Jack Maury, and a lot of other retired "black" operators. And to his credit, he read everything, steeping himself in the growing literature about intelligence and the CIA, familiarizing himself with the minutiae of past intelligence triumphs, failures, rivalries, internal wars, and ambiguities.

As a result, the book takes on an unintended value, not as an exculpation of Richard Helms, or as a history of the CIA, but for the detail, the fine brushstrokes it adds to what is already known. For example, we learn a bit more about the agency's assassination plots, about Richard Nixon's relationship to the CIA, about the scandalous willingness of the agency—and Helms—to cook its Vietnam estimates to please the Johnson White House. And some of Mr. Powers's character sketches—particularly his portrait of James Angleton—are very good indeed.

On the other hand, the author goes to great lengths to persuade us that Helms, the CIA's quintessential covert operator, at heart did not approve of covert operations. Which is rather like saying that the Beatles never really *liked* rock and roll and were secretly off in a corner listening to Buxtehude when their concert dates permitted.

Another premise of *The Man Who Kept the Secrets* is that Helms was something of an innocent, who often did not know what was going on. He even quotes Helms, at the time the number two man in the agency's dirty tricks division, as saying in German, "Aber keiner sagt mir 'was!—No one tells me anything!"

Powers, who has a Pulitzer Prize to his credit (for his UPI reporting on Diana Oughton, the Weatherperson terrorist), is too good a reporter to believe such a premise, which is soon laid threadbare by his own evidence. Indeed, 31 pages later, Powers tells us: "As Bissell's chief of operations Helms may have complained that no one ever told him anything, but in truth there cannot have been much that slipped entirely by him."

Powers argued that the really big secret that Helms kept was that President Kennedy and Robert Kennedy in fact authorized the CIA to kill Castro. While this may or may not be true, Powers offers no new evidence to support the indictment. He suggests that Helms and the CIA did not implicate the Kennedys in their testimony to the Church committee out of tradition and loyalty to the presidency. And because, he concedes, there was no proof.

Another major contention of the book is that Nixon fired Helms and shipped him off to Iran as ambassador because Helms had refused to cover up Watergate. While it is possible that Nixon may have felt that way, the facts are that Helms, at Nixon's request, *did* attempt to cover up Watergate. To perpetuate the myth that Helms did not, which the Powers book does, is a disservice to history. The facts are indisputable: Nixon, through H. R. Haldeman, asked Helms and his deputy, Vernon Walters, to tell the FBI to confine their investigation to the burglars already nabbed at the Watergate. Helms did exactly that for two crucial weeks. Not until the unfortunate Pat Gray, the acting FBI director, demanded that the CIA put its cover-up request in writing did Helms back off. And almost a full year went by before the CIA told the Justice Department about Nixon's attempt to stop the FBI investigation.

One of the difficulties faced by Powers, or anybody else writing about a secret agency, is that in some areas the truth remains mercurial. For example, he offers us five versions of how the CIA obtained Khrushchev's famous 1956 secret speech denouncing Stalin. Which is true? Who is to say? Similarly, he reports that the CIA "managed to persuade *Time*'s bureau chief in Washington to abandon plans for a cover story" on *The Invisible Government*, of which I was the co-author. I called John Steele, *Time*'s bureau chief in 1964 when the book was published, and asked him whether this was true. He said no one at CIA had asked him not to do a cover story on the book, and that none had been planned. Who to believe?

To defuse any possible criticism about his personal background, Powers tells us forthrightly in a chapter note that he used to work for the *Rome Daily American*, which turned out to be a CIA front, and that his father, Joshua B. Powers, ran something called Editors Press Service, which the *New York Times* has identified as a CIA propaganda service in Latin America, which the senior Mr. Powers denies.

There are a number of errors in the book: for example, the author misspells the names of John McMahon, the CIA's deputy director for Operations; Joseph Burkholder Smith, the author of a book on the CIA; Admiral Noel Gayler, former head of the National Security Agency; Manuel Ogarrio, the Mexican lawyer who laundered the Watergate money; Robert Keuch, a deputy assistant attorney general; and the late Laurence Stern of the *Washington Post*.

But these are minor lapses alongside the central problem. At bottom, what Powers seems to be telling us is that Richard Helms is a patriot who lied for his country, lied because he was expected to by the establishment he served so well, but which abandoned him when he was caught and permitted him to be destroyed. There may be a case to be made here, but it is a weak one at best.

I prefer to remember the words of Judge Barrington Parker, whom Powers quotes at the sentencing of Richard Helms:

> *If public officials embark deliberately to disobey and ignore the laws of our land because of some misguided and ill-conceived notion and belief that there are earlier commitments and considerations which they must observe, the future of our country is in jeopardy. There are those employed in the intelligence security community of this country . . . who feel that they have a license to operate freely outside the dictates of law. . . . Public officials at every level, whatever their position, like any other person, must respect and honor the Constitution and the laws of the United States.*

David Wise

David Wise is a political writer based in Washington. He is co-author of *The Invisible Government* (Random House), the first critical study of the CIA.

Coming:

George Dangerfield on the Boer War.

Brief Reviews

Thrown to the Woolfs: Leonard and Virginia Woolf and the Hogarth Press by John Lehmann

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $10.95)

John Lehmann did not get eaten when he fell into a job at Leonard and Virginia Woolf's Hogarth Press. In fact, he has lived to tell the tale several times over, most recently in this memoir. First as lowly manager of the press (1931-32) and later as full partner (1938-46),

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Lehmann labored on the forefront of the English literary scene and at close quarters with two of its star litterati. Utterly devoted to Virginia, the "Gothic Madonna," he was inclined to be testy with his touchy, sometimes tyrannical boss, Leonard. This book is the last round in a drawn-out tussle between the two men.

"Considering we were both what I should call prickly characters," Woolf remarked, "things went on for the most part pretty smoothly." That may have been so under the pressure of business. But in later years, when both men were occupied with their own memoirs rather than with their generation's creations, things did not go so smoothly. Lehmann began the leisurely and lengthy project of writing his autobiography in 1955, and finished the third and last volume in 1966. In those pages, he wrote candidly about his boss's fussy rages and editorial stubbornness. In 1969 Lehmann revised this opus into one volume, *In My Own Time*, and the same frank but not too bitter tone prevailed.

Also in 1969, but evidently too late for Lehmann to take account of it, the last volume of Woolf's autobiography, *The Journey Not the Arrival Matters*, was posthumously published, and in it Woolf was not so genial about his relations with the "young Brainy" Lehmann. Prickly indeed, he contested every criticism Lehmann made, and cast him as the villain who "had put his pistol at my head and at the heart of the Hogarth Press." He denied he ever vetoed an author Lehmann wanted to publish, and condemned Lehmann's scheme for expanding the press. Lehmann has lived long enough to respond to this "elaborate attack," as he characterizes it. He has the last word in *Thrown to the Woolfs*, where he recalls with some satisfaction (and a little lamentation) that Woolf vetoed Sartre and Bellow, whom he championed, and ultimately merged the Hogarth Press into the bigger Chatto & Windus house.

Although it's not an ennobling or consequential squabble, and although one more Bloomsbury book (to say nothing of a third version of Lehmann's memoir) does not promise much novelty, Lehmann manages to be neither crabby nor dull. Wisely short-winded, he strikes a happy balance between Bloomsbury news and Lehmann self-defense—more space on the former, insistent but not shrill on the latter. He writes of Virginia Woolf haunting the halls of the Tavistock Square basement where the press was then lodged, pausing to set type (often upside down) in order to calm her nerves. He tells of his own haunts: the literary circles of Cambridge and Oxford, where he found such writers as Isherwood, Spender, Auden, William Empson, Richard Eberhart, and Cecil Day Lewis for the Hogarth Press. During the war Lehmann scrounged for paper, found new authors and held onto the old, and kept printing as the bombs were dropping on London. It's only in the final chapter, when the war is over and Virginia is dead, that he turns to settling scores with Leonard.

This proportioning of Lehmann's memoir reflects the facts of his life at the press. Trouble with Woolf did not loom large for Lehmann until the last six months of 1945, when he took stock of his career and prospects at the Hogarth Press, and then loomed larger still when the war of memoirs later began. Most of the time, Lehmann gives the invigorating impression that he was far too busy discovering and encouraging writers, and writing himself, to brood and blame Woolf for writers lost and projects quashed. Thus Lehmann avoids the distortions of retrospective bitterness and instead brings to life the literary whirl of his tenure at the press—an unexpected accomplishment in a reworked memoir.

Ann Hulbert

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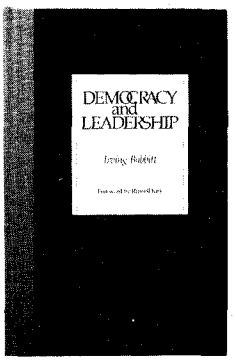

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By Irving Babbitt

A penetrating work of political and moral philosophy, first published in 1924, *Democracy and Leadership* is packed with wisdom. Irving Babbitt was a distinguished professor of French literature at Harvard and a leader of the intellectual movement called American Humanism. This was his only directly political book, and in it Babbitt applies the principles of humanism to the civil social order. He summarizes the principal political philosophies; contrasts Rousseau with Burke; describes true and false liberals; distinguishes between ethical individualism and destructive egoism; and stands up for work and duty. *Democracy and Leadership* joins the broken links between politics and morals—and that accomplishment marks it as a work of genius. With a foreword by Russell Kirk. Hardcover $9.00, Softcover $4.00.

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Sleepless Days by Jurek Becker translated by Leila Vennowitz

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95)

Karl Simrock, aged 36, a teacher in the East German Democratic Republic, is going through the long-familiar motions of giving a lesson one afternoon when he suffers a fleeting pain in his chest. Simrock looks upon the incident as a portent of death and it becomes the occasion for a thorough overhaul of his life. Suddenly his marriage, his job, his political convictions appear misconceived. He berates himself that he has been living aimlessly, a mindless adjunct of an authoritarian system where a citizen's function is to conform and not to challenge, where a teacher is required to indoctrinate his students, not to enlighten them. What happens, Simrock wonders, when someone resists authority and encourages dissent in others? He decides he must find out: he leaves his wife and decides to reassess his own beliefs, the school curriculum he has been following dutifully, and the socialist state he lives under.

But Simrock does not find his role as agitator an easy one. He confesses to moments of isolation and doubt, and is frightened by his realization that every development is marked by contradictions, that growth often entails cruel disappointments. His students, he quickly finds, already are programmed effectively. When he puts aside the lesson plan and asks them to express their own ideas, they fall into a puzzled silence; when he reads them a poem by Bertolt Brecht entitled "In Praise of Doubt," one student nervously informs his parents.

In an attempt to "reduce the gap between the conditions of his environment and his socialist hopes," Simrock spends a summer working for a bakery. There he must reevaluate his naive assumptions about the working class and the nobility of manual labor, and test his theories about worker commitment, competition, and collective effort. Close to despair after his first back-breaking morning of shoveling coal, he tries to put on a brave face in the cafeteria: "Simrock did his best to resemble someone who really liked it here. He ate with a pretense of appetite and tried to look cheerful, until he wondered if his cheerfulness were visible at all under the layer of coal dust." But Simrock's cheerfulness, or lack of it, is of little concern to his fellow workers. They associate work with resignation, and view his enthusiasm with the same mistrust voiced by the school authorities about his unorthodox teaching methods.

Several months after he leaves his wife, Simrock falls in love with a young woman whose experiences have led her not into his zeal for reform, but into a jaded credo of autonomy: "One of her few convictions was that people must learn to leave each other alone." He is shattered when, during a tranquil vacation in Hungary, Antonia attempts to escape over the border into Austria. She is caught, put to trial, and imprisoned for two years. Becker writes of Simrock's fluctuation between outrage at Antonia's callousness and respect for her courage, and he movingly depicts the awkward tenderness that marks their two brief reunions.

This spare, beautifully crafted novel which could have been published in East Germany only if Becker had accepted the substantial cuts demanded by the censors, is both sobering and cheering. Though *Sleepless Days* presents a stinging indictment of his country's political philosophy, Becker avoids shrill polemics. Instead, he leaves us with a disarmingly intimate portrait of an individual whose steady adherence to a philosophy of moral integrity emerges as the sane alternative to the state's lifeless regimen. The success of Simrock's modest experiment in civil disobedience should be measured not by the changes he has wrought in the system, which have been predictably negligible, but by the extent to which he has escaped the torpor and monotony of his former life.

Dorothy Wickenden

An Exchange on 'Sideshow'

Even in our most violent century, the fate of Cambodia marks a new level of horror in war, multiple invasion, and self-genocide. It is fitting that Americans especially should think hard about Cambodia and its miseries, still unfolding. What is now happening, however, is that the great issue of American responsibility is being debated in the diminished form of Henry Kissinger's personal guilt. This alleged guilt is not for any failure to resist the bloodthirsty, but rather for the American attempt to resist at all. For several months now there have been articles and reviews of such character. (Gentlemen talk about things; servants talk about people.) Now the argument has been repeated on television with exceptional harshness, by David Frost. The book by British journalist William Shawcross, *Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia* (Simon & Schuster), has defined the terms of this debate. Or more precisely, it is the approval issued for that book by some of our leading academics that has done so. Mr. Frost may be excused for having accepted book and author as his authorities, given the endorsements both have received. Professor Stanley Hoffman described *Sideshow* in the *New York Review of Books* as "careful, detailed, and incisive." He said its author had "used documents and interviews widely and wisely." Professor Michael Walzer, in *The New Republic* (May 26), described the book as a "detailed and persuasive account." Many others wrote likewise. Close scrutiny of the book and of its reviews reveals that we are facing an important cultural phenomenon: when the intelligentsia is lavish in praising a work of crude propaganda, when academics who teach such things overlook fatal analytical defects, important questions arise even though the book itself is entirely without merit as a serious study of its subject.

Mr. Shawcross, for example, does not directly discuss the extensive use of Cambodian territory by the North Vietnamese, then waging war against South Vietnam. That definitive violation of Cambodian neutrality emerges only by implication. A reader who follows the author's elaborate condemnation of the subsequent American bombing of Cambodia may infer that the North Vietnamese were already in place,

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since they unavoidably emerge as the targets of that bombing. Similarly, the large concentrations of North Vietnamese troops in the Cambodian salients that cut deeply into Vietnam remain unmentioned, until the Americans are accused of having driven those North Vietnamese deeper into Cambodia by sponsoring the South Vietnamese invasion of April 1970.

Throughout the book, it is suggested insistently that the ferocity of the Khmer Rouge after its victory was a reaction to the American bombing. Shawcross quotes an AID report written after the fall of Cambodia in which "slave labor and starvation rations" are predicted as Cambodia's fate for "two or three years before Cambodia can get back to rice self-sufficiency." Shawcross comments: "That is very nearly how refugees, and by implication, the Phnom Penh radio, described what has happened in Cambodia." Thus Shawcross would have us understand that the Khmer Rouge policy of forced deportation from the cities and slave labor in the countryside were objective necessities, as explained by the AID report. But there is full evidence in the book itself that the devastation of Cambodia's agriculture was not forced on the Khmer Rouge, but rather forced on them as a great opportunity. Their leader, Khieu Samphan, had advocated the destruction of the cities as a social and political goal in his Paris thesis, presented in 1969, when Cambodia had plenty of rice. A full reading of the AID document that Shawcross quotes reveals that its purpose was to elicit external offers of food aid, offers duly made by the Japanese, among others, and of course, flatly rejected by the Khmer Rouge.

The systematic use of selective omission in reciting American deeds while overlooking the prior motivating deeds of the North Vietnamese, the distortion of the evidence to suggest what cannot be true, the use of non-evidence to convict (Shawcross admits that he found no evidence of any American involvement in the coup that overthrew Sihanouk, and then repeatedly suggests otherwise); all of these are familiar techniques, used each day by the likes of *Pravda*. And yet professors Hoffman and Walzer and others praised the book especially for its treatment of the evidence. Are we to understand that they would allow their students to write academic papers in the manner in which Mr. Shawcross wrote his book? If it is permissible to omit causal facts, to treat the absence of evidence as proof presumptive, to use deliberately misleading quotations, then it would be easy to show that it was Poland that attacked Germany in 1939, and that 1968 saw the Russian rescue of Czechoslovakia.

Such an abandonment of academic standards obviously must have an explanation much more personal and much more intense than any mere political disagreement. This is clear from the reviewers' particular enthusiasm for the crude personalization of the book's attack upon American policy. In the very title, the intention of the author is announced: Kissinger is to be made the guilty party for all that has happened in Cambodia. One has the impression that Nixon's name appears in the title only in order to diminish Kissinger by associating him with a figure already diminished.

But a textual analysis of the book reveals that it does not contain any evidence at all to substantiate the personal attack advertised in its title. Shawcross does not even attempt to suggest that Kissinger was in any way involved in the coup that overthrew Sihanouk. He cannot identify Kissinger as the advocate of the bombing. In fact materials reproduced in the book itself show conclusively that all the advocacy came from the US command in Vietnam, General Abrams and his staff. Shawcross also is entirely unable to show that Kissinger was the instigator of the April 1970 invasion of Cambodia. (Again, the initiative came from the US command in Vietnam. As with the bombing, a casual glance at the map suffices to reveal the military reasons.)

In sum, no evidence in the book can support the contention of Kissinger's special responsibility that is suggested throughout, and so gratefully received by the reviewers. Thus Walzer in *TNR*: "And in these evils [Cambodia and Watergate], this book shows, not only a president but also a secretary of state was implicated." Hoffman does question the accusation that Kissinger was "the chief villain," but then immediately proceeds to suggest precisely that, by using a technique as corrupt as that used by Shawcross. Hoffman thus writes: " . . . at the root of this tree of evils one finds an extraordinary arrogance. The people of Cambodia were not treated merely as strategic pawns, in what Henry Kissinger now calls the "geopolitical design" of the United States. They were treated as the wrong strategic pawns. . . . " Here Kissinger's name is introduced ostensibly to provide

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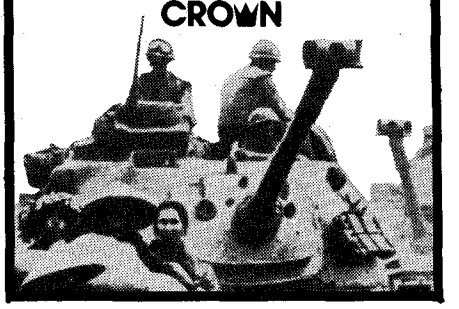

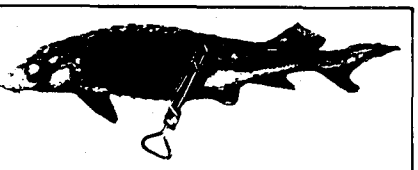

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a scholarly adjective, but in fact to establish guilt, just as a photographer might establish the relationship of figures in a group picture.

Was Kissinger involved in the decisions? Of course. Could he among others thus be guilty of error or amorality if those decisions were proven to reflect either of those things? Of course. But the book labels Kissinger as the chief actor in decisions not his, while in fact containing all the evidence that one would need to disprove that contention.

Why then was this massive distortion accepted by the reviewers? Why in fact did they strain to accept the wider distortions of the book precisely in order to be able to use the book to attack Kissinger? As far as the wider question of American policy is concerned, the answer is easy enough: one is here dealing with a most severe case of bad conscience. Those who by 1970 at the latest had made it the respectable assumption of respectable academia that Hanoi was ruled by "Titoists," or perhaps just benevolent nationalists, have now been confronted by the spectacle of a North Vietnamese leadership that is insatiably militaristic, decidedly racist, and undoubtedly one of Moscow's client states. Those who argued for the termination of aid to Saigon, in order to bring about a totalitarian peace, have now learned that there are destinies worse than even devastating war. Those who ridiculed the suggestion that Lon Nol's corrupt regime was nevertheless worth defending have been confronted with the outright savagery of the Khmer Rouge.

Since the rivers of blood and the indefinite oppression of tens of millions are involved in their error, for the Hoffmans and Walzers of this world it is not only intellectual pride that has been wounded. There is guilt, too, and in abundant measure, revealed most plaintively precisely when denied. Thus Hoffman writes, in true pathos, "... those who condemned the war have an obligation both to remember and defend the values on behalf of which they denounced it—the same values that are being crushed in Cambodia and Vietnam today—and to resist all attempts to make them feel guilty for the stand they took against the war." But of course it is the cruelly unfolding facts that are inducing guilt. Since the war *was* lost, and indeed could not have been won without turning the American armed forces into a permanent Asian constabulary, those who opposed the war on the grounds of realpolitik stand fully justified. But of course Hoffman et al. went far beyond the practical argument, and it is the great clamor they raised in the long years of our Vietnamese involvement to depict an America made sinister versus foes made benevolent that still reverberates.

Turning to the narrower question of why these teachers of social science, bureaucracy, and other such depersonalized forces should have embraced the crude personalization of Mr. Shawcross's book, one senses an amalgam of lesser motives, a mixture the more unpleasant for the immorality of its disproportions: lingering academic jealousies absurdly persisting, guilt again, and then of course a grand resentment. There is resentment over the fact that the young Americans in their classrooms flatly reject their counsel of passivity in foreign policy, resentment over the fact that those young people seem now to think once again that American power is both moral and necessary, not least in the third world; and petty resentment over the fact that Henry Kissinger, their former colleague, has become the very symbol of effectiveness in statecraft, while the figures who now in Washington seek to implement what Hoffman, Walzer, et al. have taught are despised for their chaotic mishandling of the nation's affairs of the world.

Edward Luttwak

Edward Luttwak is a senior fellow of the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies.

Reply:

Mr. Luttwak's diatribe leaves us a little out of breath, without any quick response. No one who read our respective reviews (or, for that matter, the Shawcross book) will recognize them in this letter. He quotes us out of context and attributes to us views we have never held—indeed, have consistently opposed. His discussion of our motives is so angry and so personal that we are driven to conclude that his parenthetical remark—"Gentlemen talk about things; servants talk about people"—was written in a rare moment of self-knowledge. As a student of realpolitik, Mr. Luttwak should have remembered Talleyrand's dictum: what is exaggerated does not matter.

Michael Walzer
Stanley Hoffman

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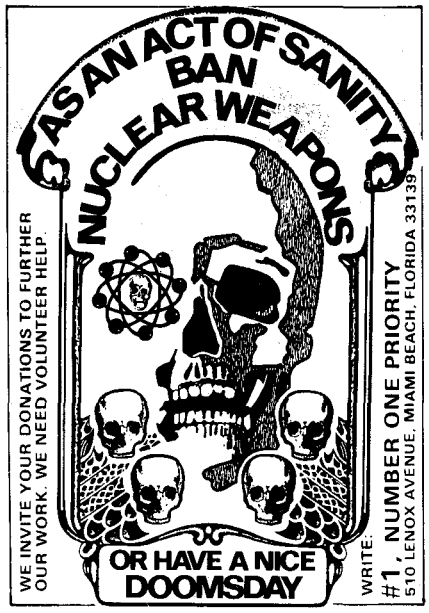

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Correspondence, *from page 3*

women who have killed or wounded their assailants in self defense. Therefore, not only are handguns ineffective in preventing domestic violence, but women who choose this method risk exchanging one type of servitude for another.

Cathie Jo Martin
Seattle, Washington

Thank heaven for Kauffmann

To the editors:

Thank heaven (literally) for Stanley Kauffmann's review of the *Life of Brian* (*TNR*, September 22). It is the only

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review that I've read so far that shows any sense. The British have always been masters of satire and it is clear that the crew of Monty Python is continuing the tradition. The problem with organized religion is that it can't laugh at itself or satirize those parts of its makeup that need puncturing. Anyone who found the movie offensive clearly misses the whole point of the film: the umbrella of "religion" covereth a multitude of zany, loony, and quacky human antics.

Dr. Kenneth E. Claus
Senior Minister
United Parish
Brookline, Massachusetts

A9/MTFE-J

A-9-The right of belligerency of the state will not be recognized. Tokyo, 3 May 1947. IMTFE-J d. 1.11.1948 in effect confirms & universalizes A9. Since when therefore the conventional concept Sovereignty has no longer had validity. Wherefore since then *all* 'sovereign state' Armed Froces in effect have been, and are *illegitimate*! Hollander age 59 reckons approach along there lines to offer the most effective available means of halting the criminal ongoing arms-race. He seeks contact with path-graduate students of more senior academics who specifically are interested in any of the following: The Pact of Paris (Kellogg-Briand Pact) d.27.8.1928-The Japanese Constitution's Article 9 (A9) d. 3.5.1947-The Judgment of the Tokyo Tribunal (IMTFE-J) d. 1.11.1948-The San Francisco Peace Treaty with Japan d.8.9.1951. Reply TNR Box 9305.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

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The Gallup people called. It was 9:15 p.m.; I was trying to read a novel and couldn't have planned a better diversion. "How well do you think Carter is managing the country?" When I said that seemed a very broad question, the woman—young, with a friendly, resonant FM voice—responded, "Very well, reasonably well, adequately, not well, poorly." "Not well." "Would you vote for Carter or Kennedy in a primary?" I asked whether either man had declared. Friendly but insistent, she said, "Carter. Kennedy. Wouldn't vote. Undecided." "Kennedy," I said, "but I wouldn't. . . . " "Do you consider yourself a Democrat, Republican, or other?" She asked whether I had registered to vote, and whether, come Election Day, I would "absolutely, probably, possibly, probably not, or definitely not vote." Then she asked whether anyone in my family owned a microwave oven. We bickered for a minute as to whether she meant family or household; then I told her no. Then for 15 minutes I was interrogated about frozen yogurt: how much, where, when, and with what did I eat it. Not only can't I remember when I last ate frozen yogurt, I can't remember whether or not I ever *first* ate it. For her, though, I invented a yogurt-eating regimen that I imagine some perfect version of myself would follow. Soft container yogurt came next; I had to list fruit flavors from my favorite on down, and what brands offered them. I started naming basics and then, taking her seeming expectation as a challenge, I became more creative, venturing "Honeyed Apple" and "Banana Royale." She couldn't have known how secretly, deeply happy I was that I couldn't match flavor to brand name or make the slightest distinction between the appearance of containers designed by rival companies. Five minutes for the Democratic primary, 25 for the distillation of my yogurt ideal: blueberry, with berries mixed throughout (not just at the bottom), bought for the following reasons in the following order: taste, convenience, nutrition, with "no preference" for low-fat variations or the presence of living cultures (actually sort of repelled by the thought, I nevertheless kept quiet, not wanting to come off as yogurt-foolish). I made up information as I went along; considering my ignorance, I was surprisingly opinionated. But the woman's voice rewarded me with warmth when I responded positively. My having definite views made the whole process easier; and if I gave an answer that wasn't on her sheet, she chipped away at it until it fit in. The pollster asked me whether I approved of synthetic motor oil; I adopted a posture of being dead-set against it, but felt a little sheepish when I couldn't name one, and realized I was probably thinking of an editorial I'd read about synthetic fuel, not motor oil. When she questioned me about restaurant-going as opposed to dining at home, I pretended to remember for her sake where I'd had lunch and dinner every day for the past week, everything I'd eaten, and the price. Finally came a series of questions obviously designed to help establish their demographics—though I didn't "have" to answer *those* questions. "Do you make less than $10,000 a year?" "What is your zip code?" Happy with their spaciousness, I answered both; we moved on to race and religious "preference." Then she asked, "Do you make more than $10,000 a year but less than $15,000?" And: "What is your street address?" I felt pinpointed, uncomfortably exposed (could they check my information? Would they?). After reassuring me that they never sell their lists, she tried to understand the structure of my household. I thought she would have queried her way into countless non-family households; evidently not. "No family *here*," I repeated, "I live with a friend." "What sex is your friend?" After I said "male," she said "I see" in a funny way. So I invented another one to make it sound less cozy. "Two males. Three of us share a house." She cheered up a little. We continued to have trouble with half a dozen questions about heads of households. Her inflections and silences made her seem as convention-bound as the questionnaire; I sensed her frustration. If only I'd paused, I could have created the household she wanted. Failures of imagination! When I finally hung up it was 9:55. The novel I resumed reading seemed even paler.

"**Stand up** and be counted!" read a placard in the gay-support parade that marched on Washington two Sundays ago. But somewhere between Washington ("25,000 Attend Gay Rights Rally at the Monument") and New York ("75,000 March in Capital in Drive to Support Homosexual Rights"), 50,000 marchers were miscounted (though surely in her prayers Anita Bryant did not neglect them). The *Times* reporter mentioned the estimates of US Park Police lieutenant Treon (75,000) and organizer Eric Rofes (over 100,000); the *Post* quoted the US Park Police at slightly less (25,000, using a scientific grid system from helicopter view), District police (75,000, using an undisclosed method), and activist Robin Tyler (more than 250,000, "heard"). On the Saturday afternoon before the march, there were a lot of buttons and black t-shirts visible in the Georgetown shopping district, plus more than the normal number of Stetsons, moustaches, and elbow-linked groups of three and four. On the corner of M Street and Wisconsin, next to the man who for weeks has offered to passers-by a free personality test, two girls conducted a poll of their own. "How far have you come?" Most answered New York, though there were some Florida, Provincetown, New Jersey, and California responses. The center member of a trio walking abreast stopped to say "You wouldn't believe how far."

Queen Elizabeth managed to make her Jubilee appearance at Wimbledon a smashing success without following the victorious Virginia Wade into the ladies' locker room. Why couldn't Jimmy Carter have been satisfied with the dignified honor of tossing the first ball into play in the seventh game of the World Series? As if having to drop out of a six-mile marathon looking pale as death weren't enough, our president turned up in the Pittsburgh locker room to be sideswiped by Bowie Kuhn, told the reason behind a game ritual that most adolescents could figure out for themselves, prompted to announce the stale but relevant fact that Willie Stargell had broken a Series record, and forced to stand behind a ridge of shoulders and have to strain to see and keep smiling. The occasion seemed farcical; probably half the crowd in the locker room—as in the marathon—were press and secret service. Beginning with his *Playboy* interview, Carter has worked hard to seem normal and approachable—a worthy, important goal—but his recent public performances in footraces, locker rooms, and on all those ask-the-president-a-question shows is a bit ridiculous. Let him find some less embarrassing means of gaining the increased exposure he seeks, and fast. I couldn't stand a year of cringing.

Marc Granetz

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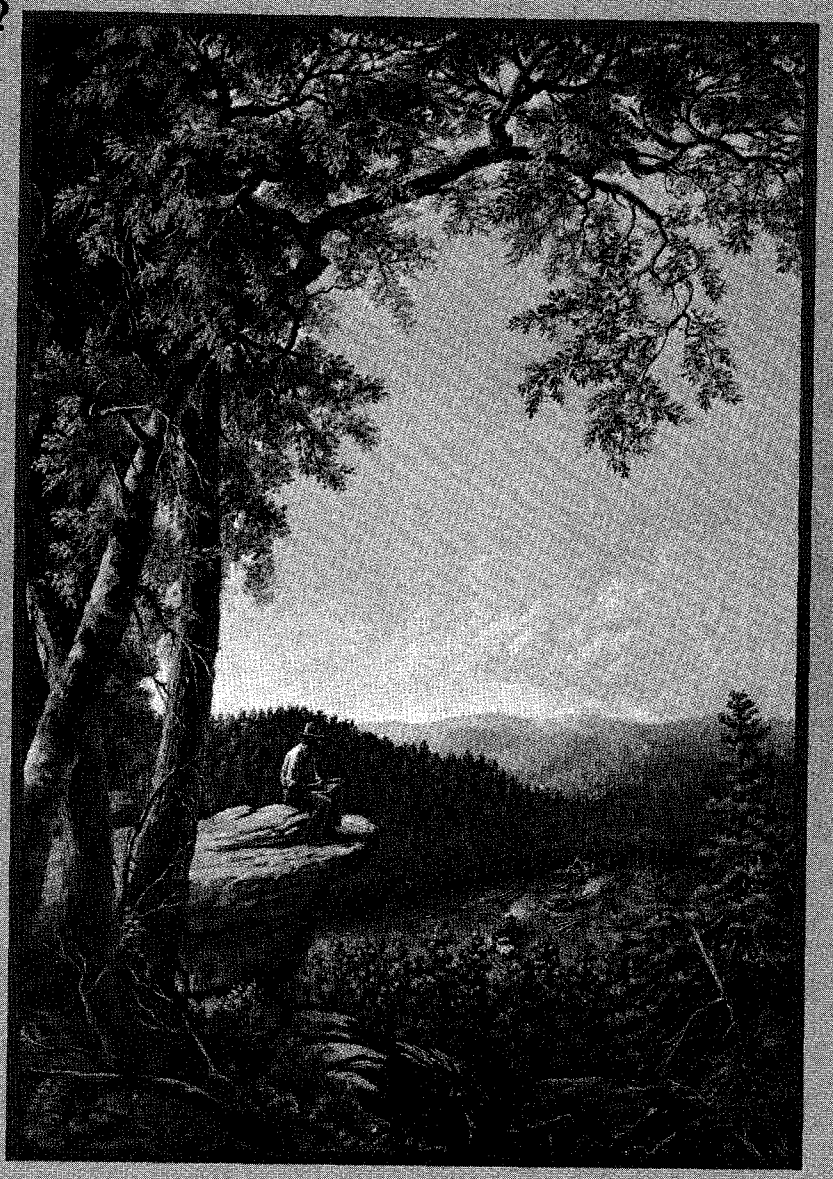

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